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TWO PENCE.
Vol. LX.
1581.JOHN
BULL

Now!
I'm safe from
Food Debility
thanks to
'OVALTINE' "

MANY a man or woman who is "run down" and depressed will look in vain for the cause before arriving at the correct one . . . *Food Debility*.

In these modern, bustling times the symptoms of Food Debility are everywhere more evident. The reason is that the ordinary dietary does not provide all the food elements essential for making good the extra demands on your nervous system. As a result, energy flags, vitality is lowered, and starved nerves give rise to sleepless nights. This is especially the case since the wet, dreary Summer has deprived you of the health-giving benefits of sunshine.

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Or perhaps — Insomnia

For months I hadn't had a really good night's sleep. "I'll go to bed earlier," I thought. But I might have known that sound sleep was impossible with my nerves constantly on edge.



I feared a nervous breakdown . .

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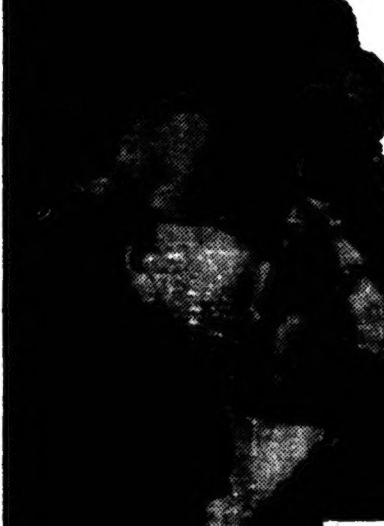
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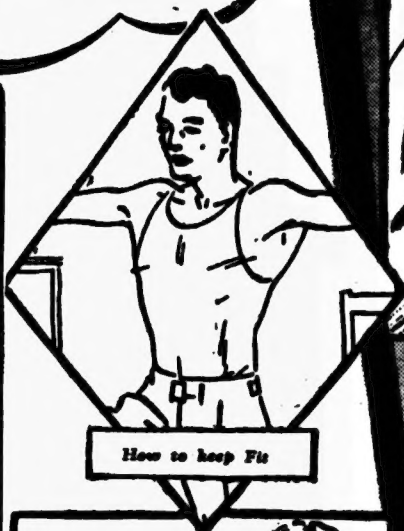
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Below: Learn how to get the
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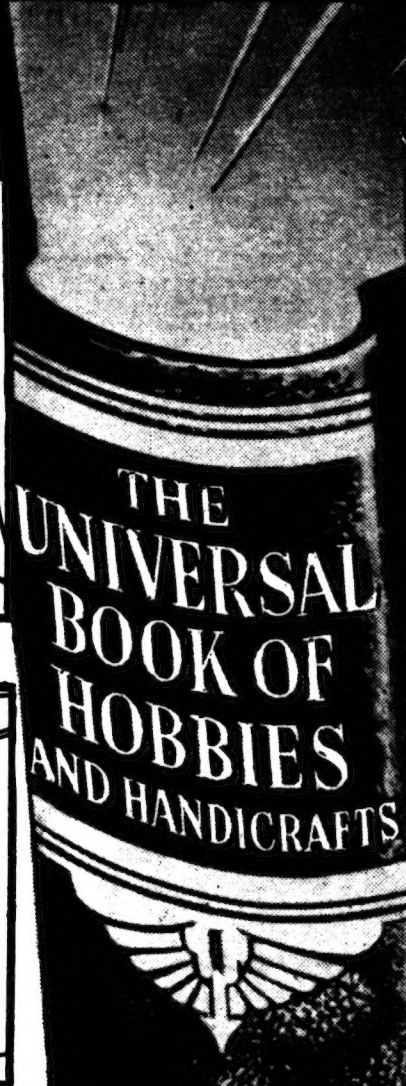
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There are two magnificent bindings—Standard and De Luxe. The Standard Edition is beautifully bound in stiff covers of rich Maroon Morocco-grained Cloth, the title, motif and library bands on the spine are embossed in **REAL 22-CARAT GOLD.** There is a handsome embossed design on the front and the volume has dust-proof top edges. For the Standard Edition you send only 2/9 plus 1/-, which includes cost of carriage, packing, and insurance, etc., making 3/9 in all.

The superb De Luxe Edition is a real library volume. It is bound in rich Golden Brown Antique Finished Art. Leather. There are dust-proof top edges and special head and tail bands. The title, motif and library bands are embossed on the spine in **REAL 22-CARAT GOLD.** On the front is a handsome embossed design. For the De Luxe Edition you send only 3/9, plus 1/-, which includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 4/9 in all.

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ACT AT ONCE. As a special concession "John Bull" has extended the closing date of this Presentation until Tuesday, October 13. This is the **VERY LAST DAY** for receiving applications. Post the **FORMS** below **TO-DAY.**

HURRY! Post Forms below AT ONCE!

"The Universal Book of Hobbies and Handicrafts" FINAL RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

The Label on the right will be used for sending to you your Privilege Voucher. You must fill in this label with your name and full postal address in **BLOCK LETTERS** and affix halfpenny stamp to space provided.

To: Dept. J.U.2, "JOHN BULL," 6-7, GREAT EARL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

I apply, in accordance with your offer, for "The Universal Book of Hobbies and Handicrafts." Please reserve a volume in my name and send me my Official Privilege Voucher. I have indicated below the Edition—Standard or De Luxe—I require.

X STANDARD EDITION

You **MUST** cross out Edition **NOT** required.

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You may post this Form, with Label on right, in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp. **LAST DAY FOR RECEIPT OF RESERVATIONS FROM THIS ANNOUNCEMENT, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13.** "John Bull," 3/10/36

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU

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Tell me honestly—have you ever smoked a cigarette so cool and fresh—so smooth to your throat

CRAVEN "A"

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First, and in some ways the worst, culprit is the Department which is coming to the nation with the most outstretched hand—the Army.

For instance, you may have heard that the Army now possesses tanks and tractors, and is extensively mechanised. And that, in consequence, the number of horses and mules on the establishment has been drastically cut. As a matter of fact, the numbers are down 33½ per cent, in five years.

But do you think that the Army big-wigs have thought of cutting down the numbers of people looking after the horses or transferring them elsewhere? Not a bit of it. All the usual staffs—such as vets, farriers, remount personnel, etc., are holding on to their jobs in the same numbers, roughly, as they were when the Light Brigade charged at Balaclava.

Ninety-six thousand eight hundred and forty-six pounds was spent this year on pay for these staffs and on the cost of riding schools for the "posher" forms of equitation. That is only £418 less than in 1931, when there were half as many horses again. On the basis of the reduction in the horse strengths, the War Office should have saved over £30,000 a year.

But it didn't. It preferred to keep a lot of people in "cushy" jobs looking after phantom horses.

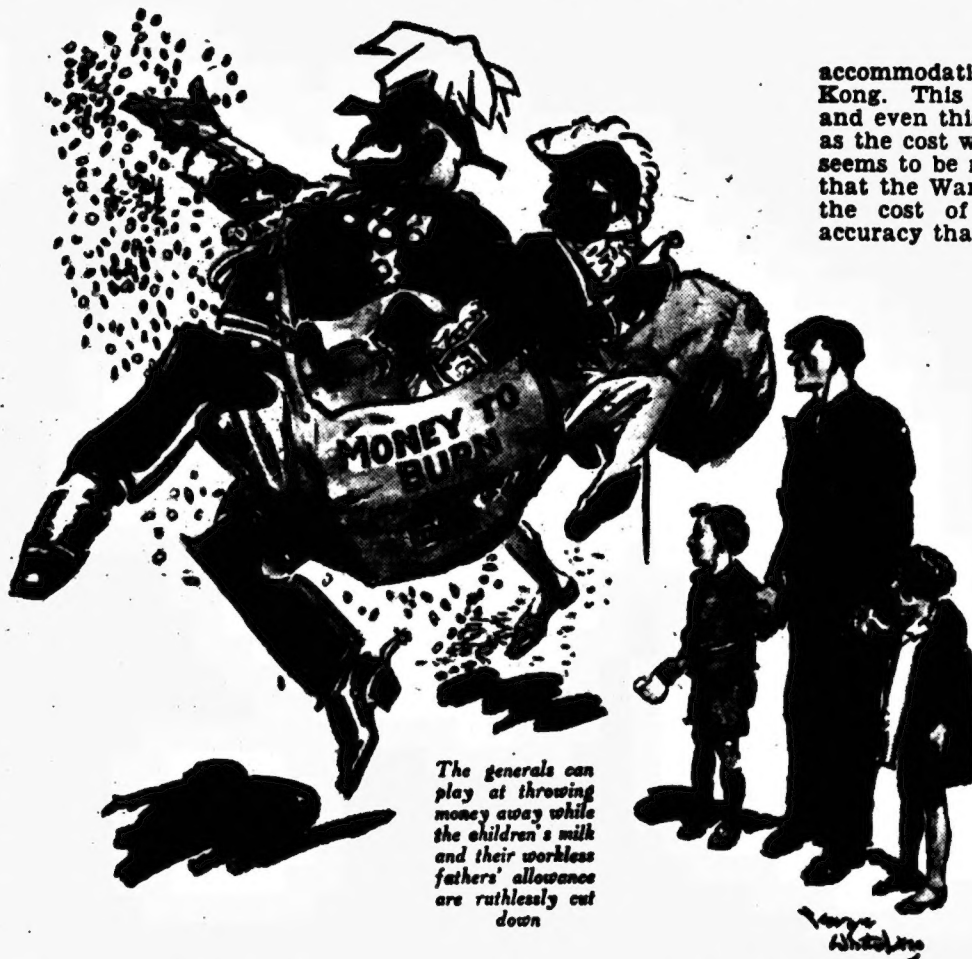
Yet, remember—the Government recently was glad to report a saving of £20,000 on schoolchildren's milk to help pay for "defence expenditure."

Thank goodness, the Committee's comments on this matter are to the point, although expressed in polite language. It "is not satisfied that the above services... have been adequately scrutinised with a view to reduction in view of the diminished establishment of horses. It trusts that relatively substantial economies will prove practicable." We trust so, too.

And did you know how much it costs to train a pupil at the school of equitation? It costs £1,151 per student a year. You might think that is a lot of money to spend on teaching a man to ride a horse well, particularly when, as the Army representative admitted in evidence, the type of riding taught is cross-country and not trick riding.

The Committee says that this expenditure "is clearly excessive." We can think of another phrase. So can you, probably.

Lastly, with regard to the Army, the fact



accommodation for three battalions in Hong-Kong. This year's estimate is over £1,000,000, and even this figure is more than twice as much as the cost would be in this country. And there seems to be no reason for this extra cost, except that the War Office has been unable to estimate the cost of constructional work to a closer accuracy than 50 per cent.

There are revelations about other Government Departments' business methods in this Report—some pretty insights into the way the money goes.

The war-time Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) still maintains pubs in the Gretna and Carlisle districts. And to do so it keeps a London office going at £5,000 a year and other offices at Carlisle and Glasgow. The latter costs £3,100 a year.

★ ★ ★

Salaries include an accountant at £1,089 a year and general managers at £1,500 a year. Two of these general managers are within 50 miles of each other.

The Committee was indignant at what it called this "un-businesslike arrangement," and others, such as the fact that the manager for the Scottish areas like Gretna and Cromarty does not reside in these districts, but lives and works in Glasgow scores of miles away instead of on the spot. There are dozens more instances of Alice in Wonderland finance.

The Commissioners of Crown Lands own thousands of acres of farm lands which they try to let. They put managers in to look after these lands and try to let them.

But they pay these men according to the number of acres they supervise. So if a manager succeeds in letting a farm he suffers a reduction in pay.

"This system," says the Committee acidly, "is unlikely to advance the letting policy of the Commissioners."

Furthermore, nobody seems to control and verify the disposal of produce from the farms in hand, and although there are working losses on the farms, one witness fell back on the old excuse that it "would not be in the public interest" to disclose the amount of loss.

We should have thought that it would be very much in the "public interest" to know those losses.

By now the Government must have regretted the appointment of this Committee which has brought such queer birds home to roost. But the public will not regret the insight it has been given into the way its money is being squandered.

It remains now for Parliament to go over this Report with a toothcomb immediately it assembles after the recess, and apply some most necessary "cuts" to the people who seem up to the present to have escaped them.

Yes, £337 1s. 2d. very well spent!

Searchlight on Wasted Millions

emerges in the Report that the Army spends £1,095,000 on Education; but the Committee discovered that an enormous amount of this expenditure is not controlled by any central board.

Little sidelights emerged in evidence on the way this money is spent. Commandants of military colleges need not have any educational qualifications whatsoever (a member of the Committee unkindly asked the War Office witness if they could read and write), and nobody, except the War Office, knows the numbers of the personnel engaged and the hours they work.

★ ★ ★

Yet, remember—that the same Government which spends a million so haphazardly on so-called Army technical instruction demands "X-rayed" accounts about the cost of elementary schoolchildren's education, last session banned £200,000 for new schools, and issued Circular 1,421 to increase secondary school fees—all because it couldn't afford it, because the "defence schemes" wanted the money.

There are a few other items which show how generous the Army is with the taxpayer's money. It makes electricity for itself for supply to the Army camps, in spite of the fact that the Grid is next door, and at a cost far in excess of the Grid's charges.

It spent £2,000,000 last year on providing

The Stunt Baby-Show Must be Stopped

BABY shows are doomed—at least those which seek the help and patronage of the public health authorities.

An official hint is soon to be passed on from Whitehall to all local medical officers, public clinic doctors and the like that their services to, even their support of, these exhibitions must be discontinued.

Both the Ministry of Health and the management committees of the medical societies in many towns have been observing with suspicion for some time what are represented to the public to be disinterested efforts on behalf of the mother and child-welfare movement.

For profit

Most of them are nothing of the kind, but only private profit-making enterprises or "stunts" organised by notoriety-hunters. The commercial success of the ventures is mainly dependent on the approval and co-operation of local public health officers who, in many instances, are inveigled into participation against their better judgment.

The recent debacle at what was called the "National Baby Show"—a one-man promotion—at the Crystal Palace, London, has alarmed the authorities. Unquestionably, Councillor Fruitnight, of Romford, Essex, who was responsible for that event, has escaped with far too light criticism.

They looked on

It was bad enough that Fruitnight should have induced a horde of parents to travel from distant parts of the country with their babies under a completely wrong conception of what was in store for them.

But it was monstrous that the health authorities should not have intervened to stop the proceedings when chaos, mauling and hysteria began in the appalling conditions of the supposed judging.

There was no justification for the complacency shown while hundreds of babies were exposed to injury in the swaying, fighting crowds, and were afterwards imperilled by being removed naked or lightly-clad from superheated to cooler rooms.

Prosecute

Scenes even worse than those at the outrageous Crystal Palace affair happen at other privately organised so-called baby shows.

In some cases, so bad are the arrangements, it is incomprehensible why the promoters are not proceeded against for causing cruelty to children.

Even if the kind of thing did not occur, the public health departments still have reason not to countenance baby shows as a contribution to the building up of an A.I. nation—the usual plea of those who run these spectacles for profit.

The reason is that child-welfare experts find that the standards set are altogether wrong, and that the honours go to babies who are not of the physically best types.

Pretty plot

Opposition M.P.s must be wary. Between now and the next Election certain Tories want the constituencies recarved. There may be a case for that, but it depends on how it is done.

The present plan, by allowing a Tory with a big majority to tack part of his constituency on to a neighbour who is facing defeat, is aimed at giving the Conservatives a permanent majority in Parliament.

Army marriage ban

The Government is wise to raise the marriage allowances of men in the Forces, but foolish to do the thing by halves.

Soldiers are still forbidden to marry under the age of twenty-six. If they do marry, their wives get no allowance and most of them have to suffer the humiliation of applying to the Poor Law.

One of the reasons, Mr. Duff-Cooper, why you can't get recruits.

Thanks to Sir John

The Home Secretary's blunt circular to magistrates concerning the unequal treatment of motorist offenders pleases

What's Wrong with the Army School Charities Disgrace



It cannot be stopped too soon—the ill-organised baby-show that is run for private profit

us. Naturally, since we were the first to attack the amazing anomalies displayed by various Benches.

Sir John Simon would also do well to probe the allegations that, in certain towns, motorists are heavily fined for technical offences just to increase the court's revenue.

Doctors grow wise

A new boon will be the health service which it is hoped to launch next January.

It will cater for middle-class folk with incomes up to £550 a year, and be operated by the family doctor.

For a shilling or two a week, according to the size of the family, the health of all its members will be properly safeguarded.

More, please!

It is no longer the very poor who are worse hit by illness. They are covered by the panel scheme (though that is not as good as it might be).

But to vast numbers of middle-class people the doctor's bill is a real nightmare.

So we hope the new scheme will not long be confined to London.

Charity at school

Other districts should follow the lead of South Shields in banning charity collections in its schools.

A woman councillor there discloses that poor but sensitive youngsters beg coppers in the street to contribute to the collections rather than admit their poverty.

That is a humiliating ordeal to which no child should have to submit even for the most deserving of causes.

Penalty for thrift

It's a poor argument put forward by railway stockholders.

They say: In the last two years the holdings of railwaymen in savings banks have gone up by £3,000,000. Therefore the recent application for a wage increase should have been refused, and future applications should certainly be turned down.

We say: Railwaymen who have managed to save out of their meagre earnings should be commended, not victimised.

Good profits

We admit the shareholders who are forced to go without dividends have a grievance.

But the way to put it right is by

a reorganisation of capital, so that the luckier shareholders will come to the aid of the less fortunate. After all, the railways make £40,000,000 a year profit.

Bad for Neville

Though the £2,100,000 estate of Sir Henry Wellcome, the chemist, pays nearly a million pounds in death duties, millionaires are letting Mr. Chamberlain down.

They are refusing to die in their usual numbers. So far this year death duties have brought in £40,000,000, five millions less than in the corresponding period of last year.

The Chancellor suspects that legal evasion is responsible for part of the drop, but he has not been able to stop it. We hope he tries again.

Fresh victim

Another tragic episode in the Bournemouth typhoid epidemic!

We learn with regret that the boy sufferer whose photograph headed our recent article on the subject has since died.

And this is a further reason why the Ministry of Health should defeat the hush-hush tactics of the local authorities by ordering a full investigation.

Flaw

Why don't the legal experts tackle an obvious flaw in the jury system—the postponement of a trial when a jurymen falls ill?

When this happened the other day at the Old Bailey, the judge had to adjourn proceedings against four men to the following day—a vexatious and expensive delay.

We see no reason why, in such an emergency, eleven jurors should not be considered adequate to arrive at a just verdict.

Dull and dreary

We don't want to see another six-day cycling race, thank you. Or any other marathon contest in which the interest comes mainly from accidents.

Bad blood

The Board of Education brings over German and French teachers every year to work in high and secondary schools.

In some they meet with resentment. They are not allotted class-rooms, sometimes have to give lessons in the corridor. Though expected to coach pupils for examinations, they are frequently "free" for the day—free to

do anything except teach the language that is native to them. Look into it, Whitehall.

Crazy

We've heard of wealthy visitors from abroad bringing their own cocktail bars with them. We've also heard of wines, and special foods, and chefs and kitchen staffs, but a new one on us is the American woman who brings two tanks of special water with her to wash her hair.

We think, and no doubt you'll think, that people who waste money on such idiotic trivialities shouldn't have it to spend.

New industry

A new lease of life for many coastal towns may follow the innovation at Mevagissey (Cornwall) of a pilchard canning factory.

No industry has suffered more than that of fishing in recent years. If canning is adopted in those places where unemployment has been rife, our fishing towns will know what it is to have the world as customers.

We have allowed foreigners to monopolise this business too long.

Gas warfare

People in all parts of the country should be interested in the "gas war" now raging in South London.

We needn't tell you again what we think of the new charges fixed by the South Met. Gas Co., but we must point out that if the company wins, companies elsewhere may be tempted to follow its example.

Fortunately, consumers have the most effective weapon. We hope they use it.

Short weight

The short weight racket still goes on. Latest case is that of a Maidenhead grocer, fined 50s. for selling sugar under weight. Seventy-three similar packets were found in the shop.

Penalties for these offences are so ludicrously small that nobody minds them.

But, as we have said before, really heavy fines (and a prison spell for the worst offenders) would soon stop them.

Sporting manners

A move in the right direction is the fining of a Glasgow football supporter for shouting foul abuse at a referee.

The sportsmanship of most Soccer crowds leaves nothing to be desired. But not of all.

And we hope English directors will back up their Scottish confrères in the efforts to ensure that spectators, as well as players, shall play the game.

Terrorism

Rarely have we been more satisfied with a court sentence than the six months' jail awarded to a Londoner, at the Old Bailey, for a seditious libel on the Jews.

The trouble is that lesser courts still deal far too leniently with the hooligans who, though they do not libel Jewish citizens, abuse and assault them. And that is why this abominable business goes on.

Long service

Congratulations go to Dr. Dinsdale Young on his diamond jubilee.

Famous for his work at the Central Hall, Westminster, he also gives sermons and lectures once a week in all parts of the kingdom, travelling 10,000 miles a year.

The Thanksgiving Week to be held at Central Hall, October 11-17, will be a deserved tribute to a great preacher.

Helping hand

And in November falls the diamond jubilee of an organisation which has a wonderful record of helping "down and outs," runs recreational classes for 2,000 women and girls, and serves the people in half a dozen ways.

It is the Manchester and Salford Methodist Mission, and we wish it another fifty years of success.

I'd have made A GOOD NURSE, but—

WHEN I was a little girl playing with my dolls my favourite game was always "hospital," with myself in the rôle of head nurse. And all through my teens I looked forward eagerly to the time when I would be old enough to start my training.

I was full of high ideals, and oh! so desperately impatient to begin. For I thought nursing the noblest work a woman could do.

So you can guess with what joy I packed my box and left home to take up my duties as a probationer in a hospital just outside London.

Alas, for my hopes! I did not know that within two years I would be driven to abandon my training—unable to endure any longer the discipline and incessant dragooning which made life unbearable.

I had been prepared to meet strict discipline where work was concerned. I knew that to be an efficient nurse one must take orders readily and carry them out scrupulously.

But I never dreamed that discipline would pound me every minute of the day, off duty as well as on, or that it would be exercised in such a way as to become a granny of the pettiest and most irritating kind.

I found out how wrong I was in the very first evening.

I was sitting with three other young nurses in the recreation room, and, in an effort to be sociable, I told them a funny story. It was greeted with peals of loud laughter from all three.

A head appeared round the door and the home sister demanded "What's all this laughter going on here?"

The next morning I was on the carpet before the matron, who read me a long lecture on "The right conduct for a nurse." Shock number one came later on the first evening.

Orders were that we had to go to bed at 10 o'clock and at that hour lights were put out in the public rooms. Lights had to be out in our bedrooms by 10.30.

I had gone to bed early and dropped off to sleep at once. At what seemed to me like the middle of the night I was awakened by my door being hurriedly opened and then banged shut again. I jumped up in bed rather alarmed. But a second later it happened to the door next to mine, and then to the one next to that, and so on all the way down the corridor.

MIDNIGHT struck before I could get to sleep again. I heard the next day it was only the home sister making her round. She opened the door of each room and, if your light was on, switched it off peremptorily, quite regardless of what you might be doing.

I have known nurses to be in the middle of darned a hole in a stocking. Others would be caught doing their hair. You might be on the last paragraph of a most exciting chapter. Or you might have only half your clothes off.

It did not matter. The light went out and you dare not, under penalty of a severe reprimand, switch it on again.

I learned later from other nurses that this was the usual thing in all hospitals. Much depended on the home sister—her disposition and the mood she was in that night.

Some were considerate enough to look under the door, and if no light showed, pass on. Others if they did open a door by mistake would murmur an apology and be more careful with the next one.

But many nurses, tired out with a hard day's work, were awakened out of their first sleep and could not drop off again for a long time afterwards.

The same rigid discipline dogged us every minute of our off-duty time. In the dining-room I have heard a sister order a nurse to take her arms off the table in true sergeant-major style, and if you dared to "ask for more" you felt worse than Oliver Twist.

The food was monotonous and badly cooked. At least three times a week we had no green



"For nearly two years I stuck it, and then my nerves would stand no more"

By EX-PROBATIONER

vegetables, and never, of course, under any circumstances did we see fruit.

Butter was always scarce. Margarine for breakfast and no marmalade or jam. For tea occasionally there would be a little extra something, a tin of sardines or a bit of cake. But only the early ones got any. This was the one meal where our small ration of butter appeared—about an ounce a day.

I bought fruit, nuts, dates, figs and raisins, and ate them in my room. Most of the nurses did the same thing and we reckoned on spending about 4s. or 5s. a week in this way. This I am told is general with nurses all over the country.

Nurses told me that the food was as good as at other hospitals and better than some.

A LITTLE piece of tyrannical discipline which annoyed everybody was that when coming off duty we all had to wait until the last nurse had finished her last job. This on an average meant hanging about for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

Often the house doctor would choose this time to make his round, though he knew that the nurses were due to go off duty and that they would be kept back until after he had finished.

It was just lack of consideration, for he could

have come round as easily half an hour later or earlier, and it would not have affected us.

We were never allowed to pass anyone of superior "rank" in the corridors. Sometimes this was most inconvenient. One nurse told me that she was hurrying with some medicine for a patient who had collapsed suddenly when she overtook a sister from another ward who was walking slowly on her way to the nurses' home.

The probationer dashed past, thinking more of the sick woman than of the dignity of the sister. But the next morning she had to go before the matron. This did not happen in our hospital, and I never knew of anything quite so bad in my own experience, but still there were many things that were bad enough.

EVERY day we had a rest period of about two and a half hours. Sometimes it would be in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon.

We looked forward to this and most of us went to our rooms to rest and relax, and perhaps have a little doze.

Even this precious period was not sacred from interference. You could never really count on any privacy. Whatever you were doing the sister might walk in, sometimes without knocking, to make her inspection.

If anything were out of place some rebuke was sure to be administered. "Goodness gracious, just look at the state of this room. I hope you'll clear it up before you leave it" was one of the mildest. It was worse than being at boarding school.

Even when we were going out in mufti our appearance was liable to criticism. This had such an effect on some of the girls that they were afraid to buy a smart hat.

Whenever we left the hospital we had to sign a book. We signed again when we returned. We had to be in again by 10 p.m. unless we asked for a late pass. Late passes were allowed so many times a month, and entitled you to remain out until midnight.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the night porter drew a red line across the book, and those unlucky enough to be five minutes late had to sign under it. That meant seeing the matron at nine next morning—and more reprimands.

If you had a late pass you could be quite sure that a specially sharp eye would be kept on your time of return. There was always the feeling, never openly expressed, but subtly insinuated, that if you wanted a late pass your conduct was suspect.

I was at this hospital for nearly two years and this rule was so rigid that in all that time I never knew anyone dare to be more than ten minutes late when they had a late pass.

IF we went to the theatre it was necessary to leave much before 11 in order to catch the last train to get us back to the hospital in time. For eighteen months I never saw the end of any play, and the last act was always ruined by clock-watching.

For nearly two years I did my best to stick things for the sake of the work which I loved. Then one day my nerves would stand no more. I was on the carpet for some trivial offence and the matron was particularly nasty. I flew into a temper and told her what I thought of her and of the system. That was the finish, and I wasn't sorry when I discovered that she still remembered "that affair of the laughter on your first evening." Fancy! that black mark had remained against me for two years.

My heart was and still is in the profession I lost. I was, I think, good material wasted. More to the point, I fear that each year there are scores of other girls who go through experiences like mine and quit—all good nursing material thrown away.

The League of Nations is meeting in its new £2,000,000 Home, and—

A WORLD'S HOPES are

THE first thing I heard was the screaming of peacocks. . . . It was early afternoon when the car which had driven me from Geneva airport arrived outside the new £2,000,000 Palais des Nations, where the League sessions are meeting this week for the first time—and the most momentous time in its history. Some say it will be for the last time. . . .

But there, towering up from its surrounding lawns and parklands, blindingly white in the autumn sunshine, and facing the splendid panorama of Lake Geneva and the distant Alps, stood the new home of the League on which the eyes of the world and the hopes of 1,500,000,000 people are centred.

Like most of us, all I had known about the League I had got from the endless newspaper reports of its meetings, reports of speeches and resolutions, of this and that row and difficulty and fresh negotiation; all of it important enough to the world no doubt, but often, as is the way with written accounts of political work, seeming a bit unreal.

Unreal

So, as many of us might wish to do, I had come to see for myself; to see something of this League, of its new home and the machinery with which it is trying to build a better world.

And the first thing I saw—and heard—were those peacocks. I came upon them as I was crossing the lawns towards the great building which houses the Secretariat, the permanent Civil Service of the League. There they were strutting restlessly about the lawn, making loud flapping noises as they nervously opened and closed their proud tail feathers, and now and then directing strident eerie screams towards those

windows where men were wrestling with the problems of nations.

In their angry strutting to and fro, and with their screeching and display, they looked for all the world like some of those nations we have been hearing about. The peacocks, the man with me explained, were an accident. They had been used to roaming all over this park where the Palace of Peace now stood. They had not got accustomed yet to the new building and all the people who had invaded their haunts and they were restive about it.

But nobody had thought of removing them, and the world planners in the Secretariat did not seem to mind their banshee screaming. But they seemed like an omen to me.

A happier omen, however, lies in the old name of this park in which the League has built its new palace, and which it took over together with the peacocks. The Genevese have always called it Ariana Park. Ariana is the Swiss rendering of Ariadne. And she was the lady who, in that ancient tale of Greek mythology, held the guiding thread whereby Theseus led himself out through the Labyrinth after he had killed the Minotaur.

League officials, being picked from among the best schooled brains in the world, know their classics, of course, as well as anybody else, and the happy association of the name of their site with this ancient legend did not escape them.

M. Avenol, the Secretary-General, said at one of the building ceremonies in connection with the new palace: "I trust that on its way through the international labyrinth the League of Nations will hold a guiding thread which, even if sometimes it may appear thin, will not break."

My guide through the new palace was a member of the Secretariat, and before I had gone ten steps into the interior it was obvious that a guide would be very much needed. For vastness is the keynote of the whole. There are some buildings within the block—the Assembly Hall, for instance—which seem as big as a great railway station, and the buildings are joined by maze upon maze of seemingly interminable corridors, flanked by hundreds of rooms.

Three hundred and thirty-seven architects from all the nations of the world submitted plans from which the final selection was made. Naturally, from all this galaxy of talent a splendid design would be evolved. It has been stated that Great Britain alone has borne about one-third of the cost of the entire palace. If so it has been money well spent. There is value for money anyhow, as far as sheer building is concerned; and nothing which modern science could contribute to help the building fulfil its purpose has been overlooked.

The official with me rattled off statistics as we started our tour of the building—5½ acres of floor surface, 900 rooms,



The man at the head of the organisation which keeps the League machinery moving—M. Avenol (right), who has the affairs of the world at his fingertips

400 separate offices to house the various departments of the League, 1½ mile of outer circumference, ¼ mile from end to end . . . and so on.

But the various details of equipment embodied into the building are more interesting and important than mere figures of size.

For instance. . . . In the hall where the Assembly—the Parliament of the League—sits there is accommodation for 2,000, including 500 journalists. At intervals along the seats there are peculiar looking telephones. They are called "simultaneous interpretation" 'phones, and are the gift to the League of Mr. Edward A. Filene, of Boston. Put on one of the 'phones and you will hear the speaker who is at the moment occupying the rostrum. He may be speaking in French. Turn the pointer in front of the instrument and you will hear the same speech being made in English, Spanish, Italian, Polish or what you like.

Speeded up

This device means presumably that the famous League interpreters will be extended in numbers and will be placed out of sight in some central broadcasting room. And League discussions will be speeded up. Previously every speech made had to be interpreted back to the Assembly in English or French (the official languages of the League) as soon as it was over.

The delegate from, say, Uruguay, might get up and deliver an hour's speech in Spanish. As soon as he

finished the President would call out "Traduction," an interpreter would mount the rostrum, and you would have to listen to it all over again in French, and again, after that, in English. Two more hours of it. That is—unless the interpreter was merciful and did his own cutting.

There is a famous story told of how Alex Russell (a huge Scot who is an interpreter of phenomenal linguistic powers and a memory so extraordinary that he can render any speech verbatim without scarcely a note) once convulsed the Assembly. The Chinese delegate had spoken for about an hour and a half on China's woes. At the end of his speech Alex got up to translate. "The delegate from China," he said, "says that he comes from a very big country that has got a lot of problems." Then he sat down.

The new telephones are a step forward to getting more business done by the Assembly. At least, more delegates will get a chance to have their say in a given time.

But there are other improvements besides the interpreter 'phones which make the Assembly Hall more fitted for its purpose than the old one, which was a stuffy and echoing old concert hall. The scientists of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington have helped the architects with the design, and the acoustics are said to be more perfect than any other building in existence.

And there is air-conditioning of a super-type. In the past the lack of air in the Hall had something to do with the lack of it in the Assembly's discussions; and even the "big pots" who had the front seats near the rostrum

Danger Abounds

OLD-AGE pensions have done much to remove the dread of absolute poverty from the lives of the old folk, but there's still much to be done.

Home is much the same as it has been these many years, but since they haven't the means, gas and electric light are luxuries, and all too often Darby and Joan have to depend on candles and the old-fashioned oil-lamp for light.

Danger is about them on every hand. Danger from draughts, damp floors, floods and fire.

The old folk should be better looked after, but they are not. Many little accidents happen to them, in the sunset of the lives . . . accidents that should never happen, for most of them are preventable. It is a lamentable fact that even the most ordinary comforts are denied them.

There is an old couple living in the South of England, for instance, who went to bed, to be awakened in terror with their bed-clothes ablaze, and smouldering flames around them.

There were no funds available to help them, but they were fortunate in that they were registered readers of JOHN BULL.

We sent a cheque covering the cost of replacing their ruined property. Thus this old couple are numbered among the many hundreds we help in time of distress.

You will find a registration form on page 48, and if you are wise, you will become eligible for the benefits of our free insurance scheme without further delay.



had to crane forward to hear the speaker.

Finally, that other aid to intimate discussion, perambulation, is well provided for. In the old place, world statesmen who wanted to thrash out a point or two together outside the doors of the Assembly had to do so walking up and down an entrance hall which had a bar at one end and was crowded with a milling mob of hundreds of journalists, tourists, students, tame experts and every kind of nondescript hanger-on of the League. It was like a market-place—as, indeed, it often was. The “Salle des Pas Perdus,” the French called it—“The Hall of Lost Steps.”

But in the new Hall the statesmen can do their head-to-head discussion while pacing up and down an enormous glass-walled corridor like a ship's promenade deck which runs right round the Assembly Hall.

The Council Hall, where meets the Council (roughly corresponding to the Cabinet in our Government) is as perfectly designed for beauty, dignity and efficiency as the Assembly. There is room in it for 200 journalists and 200 members of the public. In this wing also are the rooms for private and secret meetings of the Council, and the Press room with its own exchange and its forty telephones which will put them in touch with any capital in the world in a few minutes.

Least known

It is in this brand-new wing that the Council met a few days ago to discuss the agenda of business before the present session, such business as the new Locarno Pact, the reform of the League after the Italian-Abyssinian debacle, and the repercussions of the tragedy now being played out in Spain.

But all this “unfinished business” is taking place appropriately enough in an unfinished building. The Council have had to meet in one of the committee rooms, a mere offshoot of the main hall but about the size of the average cinema.

There is a cinema, too, by the way, in the new palace. It is in the Secretariat's building, and it will show films of the League's many-sided activities to the 2,000 tourists who will be shown over the building every day during the holiday season.

It is this building which is the only one yet complete and occupied in the Palace of Peace. That is, perhaps, only right and just, for the Secretariat is the heart and mainspring of the League and perhaps its one department that the public knows least about.

It is the Secretariat which does the real work of the League, and does it the year round.

Should trouble blow up with mandates and minorities and plebiscites—it

I Saw For Myself by a “John Bull” Investigator

is the Secretariat busily delving the year round into problems of race and trade and social questions in the countries concerned which provides the Council with data, which indicates the repercussions of any possible course of action, which often dictates that action.

When Hitler, Stalin or Mussolini throw a spanner into the international works—it is the Secretariat who produces the brief about the League's action.

Should you arrive in Geneva as the delegate for Ruritania, never having been there before—it is the same department which meets you at the station, finds your hotel, instructs you in the ways of the League, fixes up the appointments with the people you ought to meet, shows you how to present the problems or the demands of your country in the most effective manner.

Work goes on

Are you a journalist, a student, an expert who wants some typing done—the Secretariat provides you with a typist from the “pool.” They are among the best stenographers in the world. Do you want a document on some League activity, or want to know why the Nemos Islands slapped on a Customs duty against the Yahoos—the Secretariat will produce the document; give you the whole story about this regrettable affair.

Between whiles this department goes

on compiling and docketing information about opium and hours of work, banks and refugees, armaments, disease, unemployment and all the troubles of mankind.

And it guides and correlates the activities of two or three hundred permanent committees which are investigating subjects, the very titles of which would fill a page of this paper.

When the League falls and the headlines are full of that failure, when the statesmen pack up and go home and everybody says the League is a farce—the work of this department goes on.

I found its new home after twenty minutes' tramp along the corridors of the Palace of Peace. The 500 members of this international Civil Service were in and hard at work on their brick building for a happier world. Their old quarters were in the Hotel National, where they did their job in converted cloakrooms or bathrooms—anything with four walls and a door and room to hold a table and files.

A snag

Here, they have a grand new building 150 yards long, fitted out with pneumatic tubes, the latest ideas in intercommunication, and carriers which can flash documents from one end to the other of the building in a matter of seconds.

There is one snag: the great new library built to contain the 2,000,000 volumes, which are the tools of their trade, is at the other end of the Palace, fifteen minutes' walk down corridors. Perhaps the extended messenger service will get over that.

Some official seriously suggested a few weeks ago that the messengers should be equipped with roller skates!

The library itself is mainly the gift of the Rockefeller Trust, which advanced 2,000,000 dollars towards its construction, and the whole world has been pillaged for the latest ideas in library construction. All the books are on adjustable metal shelves flush with walls and covered with sliding doors on the roll-top principle.

You can ride from one end to the

Let the peacocks screech—the people of the world have built this new shrine of peace and will not lightly let it crumble

other on ladders driven along runways fitted above the shelves. Radiating out from the main library are scores of reading and research rooms for special subjects like health, economics, law, politics, etc.

This Rockefeller munificence is only one example of the contributions by private individuals and nations to make the Palace of Peace the wonderful place it is. Almost every nation has had a hand in presenting furniture and equipment to it. Carpets from Persia, rare woods from the British Colonies, fabrics from France, and so on. Some of the gifts, promised and delivered, are, however, rather ironical in the light of recent events.

For instance, outside the Assembly Hall there is to be a giant marble panel in bas-relief depicting a woman, representing the League, driving away hordes of aggressive and warlike peoples. That panel has not been delivered yet. It is the gift of Italy.

It is in this new Palace that the League must face its reform—its rebirth or its extinction. And it is an ironical fact that the League must face grave issues like the Five-Power Pact, the Italian-Ethiopian question, the Hitler-Russian situation, the Spanish war intervention—any of which mishandled may spell the end of the League—at the very moment it enters its long-awaited new home. Like going into a new house and finding the balliffs there already.

Palace or tomb?

Still, so far as the “donkey work” is concerned, so far as the League can be provided with the most efficient tools for its work, it has got it in this new palace.

Will it be a palace, a workshop of peace, a living place where men can hammer out the shape of things to come; or will it be a tomb for all men's hopes of a better world?

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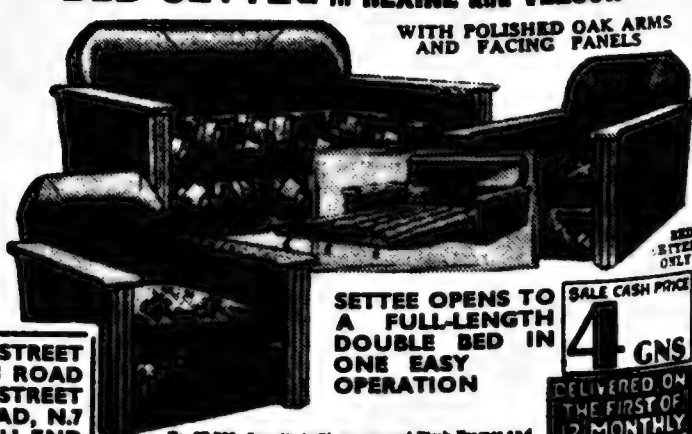
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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Salute to Wells, Aged 70

DEAR H. G. WELLS.—Like millions more of your fellow-citizens, I shall not have the good fortune to be present at the big banquet, on October 13, to celebrate your seventieth birthday.

But my congratulations—and theirs—are no less cordial than those of the famous folk who will raise their glasses to you on that occasion.

Wherever books are read, indeed, yours is a name which compels respect and admiration. Whenever men argue about the problems of to-day and to-morrow, some of your ideas are pretty sure to crop up.

At the same time, you are one of the most criticised of men. And, frankly, I am one of the critics.

You are the Prophet of the Future, but your visions of the things to come appal me. I can imagine nothing more uncomfortable than the world you visualise, a world dominated by mechanical science. I refuse to believe, even, that humanity would allow itself to be enslaved by the gigantic Trusts which your fertile brain creates.

You are too apt to under-estimate the human element. We may be willing to make the best of many unpleasant things, but we are not such patient fools as to submit to the meticulously organised tyrannies with which you threaten us.

We are willing to regard your dreams as awful warnings but not as predictions.

Perhaps the fact that you taught science at a private school, after your first start in life as a draper's assistant, explains why science has become your religion, just as it accounts for the "Time Machine," "When the Sleeper Wakes" and those other brilliant "scientific romances" which you produced at the beginning of the century.

And this reminds me of the more familiar criticism that your later novels are merely vehicles for propaganda. When you wrote such undying stories as "Mr. Polly," "Kippis," "Tono-Bungay," you were hailed as Dickens' successor. Alas, that you have not given us more of them!

Though you are contemptuous of the writer's art, novelists of your genius are all too rare. Though you are anxious to reveal your ideas rather than tell a story, don't forget that those three novels were in themselves effective pieces of propaganda.

And if you are still resolved to look into the future, give us one more vision of a world in which injustice and misery are banished, in which all men become gods, as in "The Days of the Comet."

Judge with a Kind Heart—Hovels that Disgrace the Country—Leniency for the Bad Employer—An Admiral Sees Red

Such a wistful dream is as valuable as your pictures of another world war or a world ruled by science.

* * *

But whatever our criticism, we cannot belittle the fine work you have done. You are a great writer in spite of yourself, you have influenced the younger generation as much as any living man.

That is a magnificent achievement for one who was born in a humble home, who had to fight against poverty and ill-health.

And we are grateful.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN,
Transport House

DEAR MR. BEVIN.—I am glad they've made you T.U.C. chairman for Coronation year.

You will be the right man in the right job at the right time.

Even political opponents acknowledge your great ability as an industrial organiser. Your mastery of economic problems is best shown by the fact that Sir Samuel Hoare expounded your arguments in his famous speech at Geneva on the world's resources.

Your year of office should prove a memorable one.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HOLMAN GREGORY, K.C.,
Recorder of London

DEAR SIR HOLMAN.—You must have been touched by a letter from the friend of an old criminal to whom you gave a last chance, and who resolved to "go straight."

But he could not find work, and wrote to you in despair. When he opened your reply a pound note fell out. "I saw tears run down his face," says his friend, "because he realised he was not forgotten."

And you found him a job which he held till his death recently.

Now you are giving a chance to a man who has spent thirty-seven years in jail. I trust that he, too, will not disappoint you.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Irvine, Ayrshire

GENTLEMEN.—Thirteen huts on the outskirts of your town are occupied by forty-six persons. Each hut is six feet

high and little wider. Yet until they were condemned you rated them at 5s. per week, and you will not provide houses for the occupants.

What are these people to do? Even a wooden shanty is better than no shelter at all.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANCIS TOWLE,
Gordon Hotels, Ltd.

DEAR SIR FRANCIS.—I admire the principle which prompts you to resign your managing directorship because you think you are not now worth the money you are paid—particularly as that principle is so rarely recognised in the company world.

If useless directors, especially the guinea-pig variety, were eliminated, thousands of shareholders would be happier in minds and pockets.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Coleford, Gloucs

GENTLEMEN.—A builder deliberately dodges payment of unemployment insurance for fourteen years. Yet when exposed at court regarding two years' non-payment for several employees, you merely fine him £10 and order him to pay the arrears—and he doesn't even bother to put in an appearance.

Out-of-work convicted of "dole" offences are usually sent to prison without the option.

Why the discrimination?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. M. SOMERVILLE,
Putney

DEAR MADAM.—"If the wife sins, the husband is not innocent," says an Italian proverb. A charge against you of changing bad cheques has been dismissed by a discerning court, for your husband, thinking so little of his young wife, told you they were good ones.

He is now in Winchester jail; you are determined to stand by him when he is released.

I can but hope that your faith in him will be justified, and that he will never again treat you so shockingly.

JOHN BULL.

THE B.B.C.

Christian names, and if the little angels feel like smashing a window or two, that is O.K. by Mr. Neill.

Doubtless there is something to be said for the theory that bans and taboos merely encourage high-spirited children to defy them. But some modern educationists seem to have laid aside their sense of proportion along with the out-moded rod of righteousness.

Indeed, there is a danger that, at some of these do-what-you-dashed-well-like schools, the youngster who betrays no special desire to make himself an all-round nuisance will come to be regarded as a discredit to the school.

Jones Minor is really a difficult case:

To smoke he reveals no ambition. Addresses his master as "Sir" to his face. And openly flaunts the tradition: Requiring that every new boy shall at once steal sixpence, at least, or be marked down a dunce!

All efforts to get the lad drunk have gone phut.

He won't even swear when we tell him. At smashing a window he's worse than a mutt;

I fear we will have to expel him; For Jones's behaviour departs from the norm

Enough to be reckoned as Rotten Bad Form!



The new world you visualise would be very dreary to live in, Mr. Wells

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN,
Foreign Secretary

DEAR MR. EDEN.—Your speech to the League Assembly admirably reflects the sentiments of most Britons.

This country, you say, is determined to put its faith in the League. You acknowledge that there is little wrong with the League Covenant, but a lot wrong with the will of various Governments to use it. You would like the League to be able to take prompt measures in a dispute without having to obtain the consent of the parties concerned.

Yes, that is the right sort of declaration to make in the new Peace Palace where, as pointed out on another page of this issue, the world's hopes are centred.

But I must remind you that a year ago your predecessor, Sir Samuel Hoare, made an equally fine statement of policy. We all acclaimed it. And we all know what happened a little later.

See that your speech is not followed by a similar betrayal!

JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral WADE CAULFIELD,
Piccadilly, W.

DEAR ADMIRAL.—Driving through a Midland town, you pass a red traffic light and ignore a policeman's signal. Dodging one lorry, your car is nearly rammed by another and just misses the policeman, who salutes you.

"A unique and exhilarating experience," you remark.

But don't try to repeat it, or you may have the unique and perhaps exhilarating experience of travelling to that bourne from which no driver ever returns.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. V. WYLES,
Coventry

DEAR SIR.—I hope you didn't mistake your audience of meat-traders for Marines when telling them that ordinary labourers, once content with brisket, are satisfied now with nothing less than sirloin.

But why did you fail to mention that when on the "dole" they demand cutlets and similar cuts suited for more exalted customers?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Less drunkenness now not only because of restrictions, but better social conditions.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Your Paris speech on war threats shows Conservatism at its best, puts our Ministers to shame.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM

AT school young Willy's taught to spell. To read and add, subtract and write;

Such lessons are all very well, But with a maid, one moonlit night, He realises, with a start, Of love he's not been taught the art, And sees choice chances pass him by, While fumbling with the old school tie.

What boots it for a man to know The capitals of all the states, Just where the world's boss rivers flow,

What Caesar did on sundry dates? If all his knowledge gained at school Does not include a single rule For moonlight meetings with a lass, He's still a perfect bloomin' ass!

By advocating "love classics" in schools, Mr. A. S. Neill, the British authority on "problem children," has incurred the displeasure of South African pedagogues.

Mr. Neill considers that if the rudiments of lovemaking were taught at school there would be fewer unhappy marriages. Also, if housebreaking were taught there would be fewer incompetent burglars. But....

Teach a person an art and he will naturally wish to exercise any skill he who acquires in it. So to expect a man who at school had won first prize for lovemaking, to confine the subsequent exercise of his skill to one woman, would be

Lessons in Love



rather like asking Sir Malcolm Campbell to accept a job as chauffeur to an elderly invalid.

Nor is it likely that a suspicious wife, having detected her spouse in an exchange of glad optics, would accept the explanation: "Nothing in it, m'dear; just brushing up my eye language."

But it is not only his suggestion for the teaching of Cupidology that has caused Stellenbosch University authorities to ban Mr. Neill's lectures. They object, among other things, to the way in which he "encourages the degeneration of children, by allowing them to smoke, steal and swear to their hearts' content."

Mr. Neill has always had original views on education, and at his school in Suffolk the children are allowed to do pretty much as they please. No objection is taken to their calling masters by their



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A. G. GARDINER'S Advice to Labour

STEER
Between these
Two

It is not the extreme urgings of Sir Stafford Cripps that will help Labour...

WHAT is Labour's attitude to rearmament? That is the question that will dominate the annual conference of the Labour Party which will open at Edinburgh on Monday next. There are other subjects of importance on the agenda, but I shall refer only to one of them before addressing myself to the capital issue of the conference.

The exception relates to the decisive action which the Executive Committee advises the conference to take in regard to the League of Youth. That organisation which, wisely conducted, should be a useful preparatory school for the Young Idea in Labour politics, has run amuck so defiantly as to call for the severest disciplinary measures.

It is the nature of youth to be headstrong and impetuous, and up to a certain point that quality is admirable.

But under the influence of its Communist "calls" the League has raised the flag of rebellion.

It claims the complete freedom of its own organ "New Nation," the right to frame its own policy in opposition to the Labour Party, and the exercise of its own executive powers.

THE Executive Committee has met this declaration of independence with patience and with sensible and liberal proposals. But the hotheads of the League of Youth have proved irreconcilable, and the Labour Conference next week will be asked to bring the rebel movement sternly to heel.

It is obvious that the Labour Party cannot permit the schoolboys to run the school, and the measures it proposes are necessary if it is to preserve its authority.

Having closed the front door to the Communists it would be folly to allow them access to the premises by the juvenile back door. That door must be firmly closed, too. Indeed, there is much to be said for the view that the place for the youth of twenty-one is within the Labour Party itself and not in what should be a mere elementary school for the training of beginners.

The matter is important and is not unrelated to the larger issue which will occupy the discussions next week. The survival of democracy in this country depends mainly on the policy of the Labour Party in the immediate future. That party offers the only visible

alternative Government to that which is in power. And the possibility of Labour's return to office rests upon the extent to which it can convince that large body of moderate opinion which sways elections that its ideals are practical, sane and constitutional.

If that conviction is lacking, the present Government or something like it will continue indefinitely, no matter what its failures may be.

And for this reason. The temper of this country is not revolutionary. It was never less revolutionary than it is to-day when it contrasts its own condition with the chaos into which the overthrow of democracy and the rise of the dictatorships has plunged the Continent. The longer that contrast continues the more this country will play for safety and react against any revolutionary gospel, either of the Fascist or the Communist brand.

For this reason, it seems to me, the return of the Labour Party to power is conditioned by the extent to which it can create confidence in the public mind that it is not committed to a policy of revolution and catastrophe, such as that which is propagated by Mr. Harry Pollitt and Sir Stafford Cripps.

I AM not concerned here with whether that policy is ultimately desirable or undesirable any more than I am with whether Fascism is ultimately desirable or undesirable. I am concerned with the attitude of the public and I am satisfied that that attitude was never less revolutionary, never more disposed to stand by ordered ways and Parliamentary institutions than it is at present and is likely to be for a long time to come. And the prospects of a return of the Labour Party to power are dependent on the extent to which Labour recognises and accommodates itself to that fact.

The nation is nervous. It has reason to be as it surveys the wreckage of free institutions all over the Continent. It does not intend to be sucked into the whirlpool. For the time being its motto is "Safety First."

That brings us to the major question before next week's Conference at Edinburgh—the question of Labour's attitude to rearmament. If there is one issue on which Labour is more ardent and unanimous than upon any other, it is that of peace. In that respect it represents the overwhelming public sentiment of the country. The remarkable figures of the League of Nations Union's questionnaire last year is proof of that.

UNHAPPILY since that questionnaire took place there has been a landslide towards war. The breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, the rearmament of Germany, the disquieting attitude of Hitler, the defiant militarism of Mussolini, the failure of the League, events in the Far East and in Spain—all this has brought about a tension and a state of fear in the world to which this country with its vast obligations, not only at home but abroad, cannot be indifferent.

It is idle here to discuss how much

or how little the policy of this country is responsible for the revival of the competition in armaments on a scale which, unless checked, must plunge us into another World War. We have to face the dreadful facts, and do, not what we would wish, but what we must.

Vast issues hang upon our action—the cause of peace, our own security, the fate of democracy here and elsewhere, the safety of the Dominions, the future of the League of Nations, the freedom of the seas. Under the pressure of all these anxieties we have been drawn, reluctantly, into the devilish competition in armaments.

HAD we any alternative? I do not think we had. The mind of the country is convinced that we had not, and it would not tolerate any Government which, in such circumstances, failed in its first duty to the State—the duty of safeguarding its existence.

If Labour were in office to-day it is not conceivable that it would not be as active in the cause of national security as M. Blum, the Labour Premier of France, has shown himself to be, or as Stalin, the Communist dictator of Russia, has shown himself to be.

If it were not, it would be swept out of office by a blast of anger to which its own followers would contribute as fiercely as anybody.

But it would, and, as a responsible claimant to power, it will, no doubt next week dissociate itself alike from the amiable futilities of Mr. Lansbury and Lord Ponsonby and the merely disruptive preachings of Sir Stafford Cripps, whose aim seems to be, not to make it possible for Labour to return to power, but to make it permanently impossible for it to do so.

The task of Labour, as a responsible



... nor the ultra-pacifist pleadings of Lord Ponsonby. A course must be chosen between the two

Opposition, is not to oppose rearmament. Its task is to keep a vigilant and searching eye upon rearmament. It must insist that the pacific aims of this country shall be paramount, so that it shall be clear to the whole world that we are arming, not to provoke war, but to preserve Europe from war.

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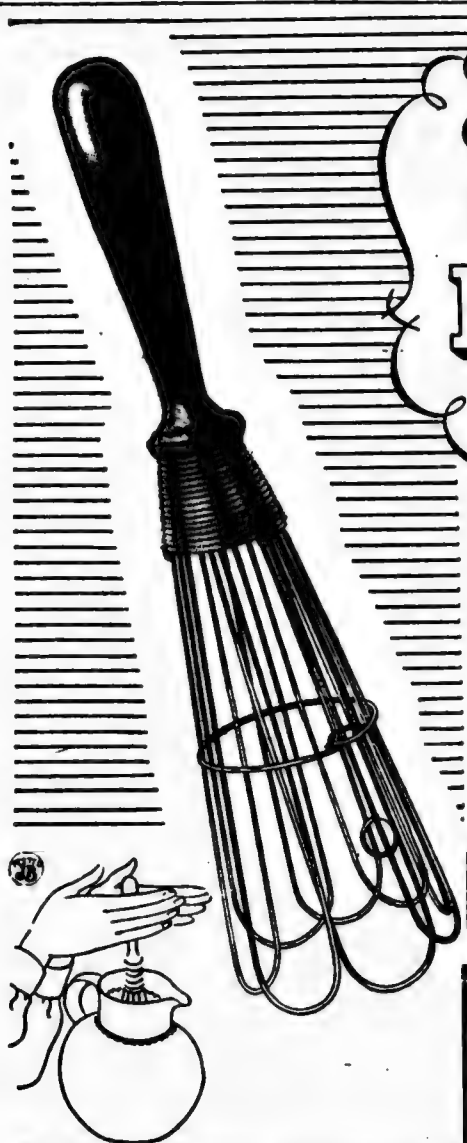
Every successful man is, at some point, a specialist. He is thorough. He does something just a little bit better than anyone else. He knows just a little bit more about something than anyone else. He is in possession of some real knowledge, not a mass of half-digested and half-understood bits.

It's not really any more difficult to be thorough than to be superficial. Laziness can be real hard work! You might just as well put the hard work into concentration as into dodging it!

Lack of faith is the chief cause of lack of thoroughness. People won't believe in themselves and their abilities. They won't believe the simple truth that the man who can control his mind can determine his own future. They refuse to believe that the mind is a wonder-working machine, and that there is nothing it can't do when trained and directed.

Your brain and your mind are as good as anyone's. If you're not getting on it is because you are not really trying to get on. Nobody is stopping you but yourself.

It's worth while trying, because so few are. That's why those who do try get on so quickly. There's no crowd to hold them back!



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A. G. GARDINER'S Advice to Labour

STEER
Between these
TWO

It is not the extreme urgings of Sir Stafford Cripps that will help Labour...

WHAT is Labour's attitude to rearmament? That is the question that will dominate the annual conference of the Labour Party which will open at Edinburgh on Monday next. There are other subjects of importance on the agenda, but I shall refer only to one of them before addressing myself to the capital issue of the conference.

The exception relates to the decisive action which the Executive Committee advises the conference to take in regard to the League of Youth. That organisation which, wisely conducted, should be a useful preparatory school for the Young Idea in Labour politics, has run amuck so defiantly as to call for the severest disciplinary measures.

It is the nature of youth to be headstrong and impetuous, and up to a certain point that quality is admirable.

But under the influence of its Communist "calls" the League has raised the flag of rebellion.

It claims the complete freedom of its own organ "New Nation," the right to frame its own policy in opposition to the Labour Party, and the exercise of its own executive powers.

THE Executive Committee has met this declaration of independence with patience and with sensible and liberal proposals. But the hotheads of the League of Youth have proved irreconcilable, and the Labour Conference next week will be asked to bring the rebel movement sternly to heel.

It is obvious that the Labour Party cannot permit the schoolboys to run the school, and the measures it proposes are necessary if it is to preserve its authority.

Having closed the front door to the Communists it would be folly to allow them access to the premises by the juvenile back door. That door must be firmly closed, too. Indeed, there is much to be said for the view that the place for the youth of twenty-one is within the Labour Party itself and not in what should be a mere elementary school for the training of beginners.

The matter is important and is not unrelated to the larger issue which will occupy the discussions next week. The survival of democracy in this country depends mainly on the policy of the Labour Party in the immediate future. That party offers the only visible

alternative Government to that which is in power. And the possibility of Labour's return to office rests upon the extent to which it can convince that large body of moderate opinion which sways elections that its ideals are practical, sane and constitutional.

If that conviction is lacking, the present Government or something like it will continue indefinitely, no matter what its failures may be.

And for this reason. The temper of this country is not revolutionary. It was never less revolutionary than it is to-day when it contrasts its own condition with the chaos into which the overthrow of democracy and the rise of the dictatorships has plunged the Continent. The longer that contrast continues the more this country will play for safety and react against any revolutionary gospel, either of the Fascist or the Communist brand.

For this reason, it seems to me, the return of the Labour Party to power is conditioned by the extent to which it can create confidence in the public mind that it is not committed to a policy of revolution and catastrophe, such as that which is propagated by Mr. Harry Pollitt and Sir Stafford Cripps.

I AM not concerned here with whether that policy is ultimately desirable or undesirable any more than I am with whether Fascism is ultimately desirable or undesirable. I am concerned with the attitude of the public and I am satisfied that that attitude was never less revolutionary, never more disposed to stand by ordered ways and Parliamentary institutions than it is at present and is likely to be for a long time to come. And the prospects of a return of the Labour Party to power are dependent on the extent to which Labour recognises and accommodates itself to that fact.

The nation is nervous. It has reason to be as it surveys the wreckage of free institutions all over the Continent. It does not intend to be sucked into the whirlpool. For the time being its motto is "Safety First."

That brings us to the major question before next week's Conference at Edinburgh—the question of Labour's attitude to rearmament. If there is one issue on which Labour is more ardent and unanimous than upon any other, it is that of peace. In that respect it represents the overwhelming public sentiment of the country. The remarkable figures of the League of Nations Union's questionnaire last year is proof of that.

UNHAPPILY since that questionnaire took place there has been a landslide towards war. The breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, the rearmament of Germany, the disquieting attitude of Hitler, the defiant militarism of Mussolini, the failure of the League, events in the Far East and in Spain—all this has brought about a tension and a state of fear in the world to which this country with its vast obligations, not only at home but abroad, cannot be indifferent.

It is idle here to discuss how much

or how little the policy of this country is responsible for the revival of the competition in armaments on a scale which, unless checked, must plunge us into another World War. We have to face the dreadful facts, and do, not what we would wish, but what we must.

Vast issues hang upon our action—the cause of peace, our own security, the fate of democracy here and elsewhere, the safety of the Dominions, the future of the League of Nations, the freedom of the seas. Under the pressure of all these anxieties we have been drawn, reluctantly, into the devilish competition in armaments.

HAD we any alternative? I do not think we had. The mind of the country is convinced that we had not, and it would not tolerate any Government which, in such circumstances, failed in its first duty to the State—the duty of safeguarding its existence.

If Labour were in office to-day it is not conceivable that it would not be as active in the cause of national security as M. Blum, the Labour Premier of France, has shown himself to be, or as Stalin, the Communist dictator of Russia, has shown himself to be.

If it were not, it would be swept out of office by a blast of anger to which its own followers would contribute as fiercely as anybody.

But it would, and, as a responsible claimant to power, it will, no doubt next week dissociate itself alike from the amiable futilities of Mr. Lansbury and Lord Ponsonby and the merely disruptive preachings of Sir Stafford Cripps, whose aim seems to be, not to make it possible for Labour to return to power, but to make it permanently impossible for it to do so.

The task of Labour, as a responsible



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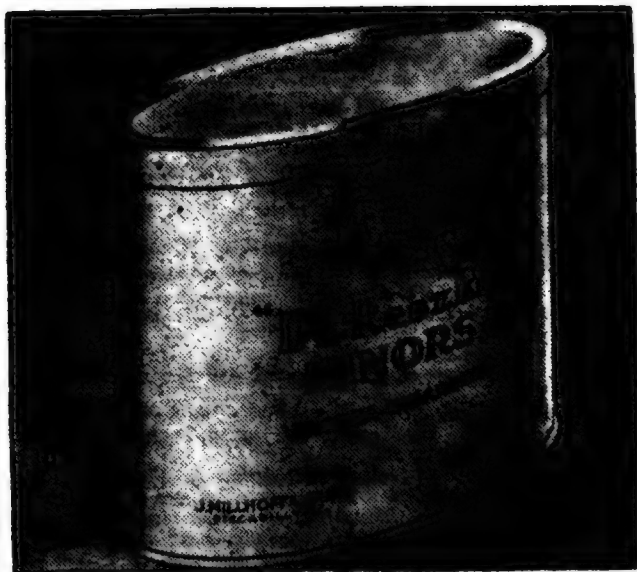
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John Drinkwater's Intimate Diary THE KING THIS WEEK

SOME weeks ago, referring to reports that had appeared in the foreign Press to the effect that the King was instructing his Ministers in their executive affairs, I pointed out that any such breach of constitutional practice was an absurd invention.

In the first place, the business machinery of our State would make it impossible, and, in the second place, the King himself happens to be as personally scrupulous about ministerial prerogative as he is about his own.

The reports, in fact, rose from an entire misconstruction of certain purposes in the King's mind. The precise nature of our constitutional government is not very easy for foreigners to understand, and many of us at home might not stand too close an examination on the matter.

The truth is that in the administration of Government the King delegates his powers to his Ministers, who act under his warrant but on their own initiative. The King has no politics.

HOWEVER, this does not mean that he can have no views on wider questions of policy.

And to-day, on the most vital question of Europe, that of War or Peace, it is evident that the King has very decided views indeed.

These views he promotes in every contact with authority that he makes both at home and abroad.

He is convinced that narrow national approaches to the problem can lead only to disaster.

And he loses none of his unrivalled opportunities of widening his outlook so that he can visualise the vast complication of affairs from every point of view.

THE audience, then, that he gave to Mr. Eden and Sir Robert Vansittart before the British Note was despatched to Germany, France, and the other Locarno Powers, was of no merely formal significance.

There is no man in Europe to-day who more wisely or more firmly stands for moderating counsels than the King, and the fact is recognised by his own Ministers and by foreign Powers. His isolation from political interests but serves to augment his influence on matters that essentially are not, or certainly should not be, political at all.

Peace means the common good of the world, and the King is determined to use that influence to the utmost in its preservation.

His people's prayers are with him.

HIS MAJESTY'S first visit to Balmoral as Sovereign is delighting the Scottish people, who are greatly taken with the way in which a new personality is at once confirming and enlivening old traditions.

I hear that many of the most venerable inhabitants in the Balmoral district were mildly startled when the King departed from custom in not using the famous Windsor Greys to drive to church on his first public appearance in the country.

Hitherto the Greys have made the journey by road when the Court moved to Balmoral, and have there been part of the Royal ceremony.

The King's habitual preference for a motor-car, however, decided him to drop the practice. He observed that a car could travel just as slowly if the crowds necessitated it, and that in any case he did not feel church attendance to be an occasion for show.

Crowds, in fact, did turn out to greet him along the road to Crathie, and the King received their cordiality as gladly as they gave it.

IT is pleasant to hear that, as I anticipated, the King on his Scots visit has called on the Pipers to continue the time-honoured custom of playing his guests in to dinner.

Pipe Major MacPhearson, moreover, has been playing beneath the King's window last thing at night, as he did for King George. The King, indeed, has taken a particular interest in these daily performances, giving instructions as to which tunes he wished to be played, and even, I



His Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of York, being greeted on his arrival in Scotland, where he has maintained many of the Royal traditions

The KING Works for PEACE

am told, taking a hand in rehearsals. His Majesty must have found it an attractive diversion. The combination of pipes and kilts has always seemed to me to make as dramatic an effect as anything in pageantry.

THE Piper's beat at night, however, is a new one, the King having installed himself in ground-floor quarters on the far side from that occupied by King George at Balmoral.

This move conforms with a preference, recently noted by those closely about the King, for having his rooms all on one floor, and the ground floor by choice, somewhat on the flat principle.

His view is that it makes for economy in time, and that it affords greater personal comfort than is possible if one's private apartments are scattered about in different parts of a great building.

I HEAR an enchanting story of the King's deer-stalking at Balmoral. On one of his first expeditions on the moors he took his rifle and, as I said some time ago would be the case, his camera.

After some strategy he came within easy range of a good mark. Although the King is not at all in the same class as his father with a shot-gun, he is an excellent rifle shot when he likes.

On the present occasion it was perfectly clear to those with him that he did not like. He raised his rifle, took no aim, missed by yards, and having made his gesture towards the older form of sportsmanship, handed the rifle to his ghillie, seized his movie camera and set it going.

THIS time, however, the quarry escaped both bullet and screen, but since then the King has been using the camera alone, with highly satisfactory results. I am told that he has made many interesting additions to his collection of

pictures showing wild animals in their natural haunts. The special telephoto lens which he has had fitted to one of his cinematograph cameras has made more than ample compensation on the hills for that missed shot, and once, I learn, he got close enough to a particularly fine stag to capture it with an ordinary lens.

AT Windsor the closing up of the Royal Mews is now almost complete. In answer to the argument that the horses had always been kept there, the King replied that in a new age the accommodation was needed for cars, that there was room and to spare in the stables at Buckingham Palace, and that at Windsor the horses were eating their heads off and doing little else besides. And so the transfer was gradually made.

When the removals to London included the Windsor Greys, which in the past have been used to draw the Royal carriage on the drive through Windsor Great Park to Ascot, it was feared locally that the King intended to abandon a procession that has always been an outstanding feature of the most fashionable meeting in the racing calendar.

However, this is not the case. Here, again, the horse-carriage may in future give place to the motor-car, but otherwise the tradition will be maintained.

IT is significant that the only public appearance made by the King during the few days that he spent in London before going to Balmoral was to visit the Building Exhibition at Olympia, and that while he was there his attention was chiefly attracted by those exhibits that had to do with the clearance of slum areas.

No social reform is nearer to his heart than this, and month by month it becomes increasingly clear that social reform as it affects the betterment of conditions for his poorer subjects is a matter of vital urgency in his mind.

In this respect he is no mere patron of good works; he is exerting his influence with all its authority to see that good works are done.

If the peace for which he so courageously strives is established in his time, I believe that the alleviation of distress and squalor among the least fortunate of the masses will be the most conspicuous achievement of his reign, and that it will largely be due to his direct intervention.

ARRANGEMENTS are well forward, I hear, for distribution of the official Coronation programme, which is being prepared under the King's supervision and is to be sold for the benefit of King George's Jubilee Trust.

It is the King's wish that it should be possible for every citizen of the Empire to have the programme before him as he listens in on Coronation Day, and there are signs already of a heavy demand for copies also in the United States, where the King's popularity is another of our national assets.

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A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretariatship, or the Public Services. Write today.—**THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY**, 549, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1936 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. These desirable details of openings, pay, leave, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex)—aged 18 upwards—are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 358, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

If you are a young man of good education, with confidence in your ability to succeed in a selling career, this is an opportunity of proving your worth profitably and in a dignified job. Age, experience and if willing to travel, to Box P.D.3, John Bull, Small Advertisement Dept., 57-59, Long Acce, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 54 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for prospectus of, Bunting & Dickson, 222, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 5113.)

PRINTING (Every description, lowest prices). Books, Maps, Catalogs, Schedules. Exp. Books, Stationery. Samples, 3d.—Woods (40), Sandy.

FULL H.T. POWER
FOR 2d. A WEEK

5, Stanley Street,
North Shields.
25th Aug., 1936.

WHAT DOES IT
COST NOT TO USE
A MILNES UNIT?

In hard cash, for the replacement of partly-run-down dry batteries, you pay four or five times what you pay to keep a Milnes Unit always at full voltage.

Quite as important is the loss of performance; the reedy tone, weak volume, and missing stations due to insufficient H.T. current.

Dear Sirs,
I have had my Milnes Unit nearly 6 months and during that period it has worked on an average of 6 hours per day, continually, not giving the slightest trouble of any kind.

My H.T. power costs me 2d. per week and regular full power at that. Dry batteries are a thing of the past with me, and I wouldn't dream of enduring the annoyance of run down H.T. batteries again.

I think I've given the Unit a thorough test before giving it the praise it so honestly deserves. It certainly is the "Wonder Unit" for battery driven sets.

Yours truly,
P. O. STORY.



The LIFE & SOUL
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150 Volt
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9/11 deposit and
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PLEASE WRITE IN
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Please send your FREE BOOK describing the Milnes H.T. Supply Unit. No obligation.

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POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1936 (FREE). Contains information of pay, prospects of Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 18-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 682), 358, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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AT NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments. Make, etc. J.B.1702 free.—Dudley's, 44, Holloway Road, N.7.

5/- HOUSEHOLD BARGAIN.—Coloured Border Damask Tablecloth, 83 x 52, 3 Turkish Towels, 3 Glass Towels. Send P.O. 6/-—Williamson, 91, Bridgebridge Street, LIVERPOOL, 8.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—**C. Albert & Co.** (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

FREE to Cyclists! Collatin Leggings and knee warmers to purchasers of Storm Caps. Don't miss this opportunity. See advt. of B. Walcott, Reid & Co., top of page 3.

EVERY HOME needs a Night Commuter. Buy yours direct from the actual makers and save money. A special offer to John Bull readers appears on page 3. Look for the advt. of Messrs. Lambert & Newbold, Ltd.

A GYMNASIUM outfit for home use is offered on page 41. Use the coupon when ordering.

FOR the small sum of 3/- down you can obtain a wonderful bargain bale of pieces of on page 27. The cash price is only 17 11, but you can also obtain it by easy payments. Send your order now.

BABY CLOTHING.—**EXPECTANT MOTHERS**, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment is carefully made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare Centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 29/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannel, woolies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pic. on appra. (Cash or Terms).—Mrs. J. Howard, 64, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

FILL in the coupon on page 27 and send for a copy of the illustrated brochure, which contains a large selection of Drages, all of which are obtainable on 50 Pay-Way terms, and which can be delivered to your home on hire payment of from 4/6 upwards. Orders by post are given very close personal attention, and you may order by post with confidence on the understanding that if on delivery, any article does not meet with your fullest approval, it may be returned, exchanged, or your money refunded in full.

GARDENING.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Tupis, Dandelion varieties. Flowering times, 15/-, 100, 3/-, 100. Mixed, 2/-, 100. Cart. pd.—**Kingford & Co.**, Holbeach.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and All Access. Trumpets, Guitars, etc. 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. cat free.—**Terms, J. B. RAYMOND & CO.**, 6, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

TAP DANCING MATE. Cinema & Stage Draperies. Also scenery. Selection. Amateurs or pros, state wants.—**BIRDS**, Castle Bromwich.

NOW you can afford a good Wireless Set! You can have the latest 1937 Yewdonia All-Wave Radio for 2s. 6d. weekly. Gets all stations. Easy tuning. See advertisement of Messrs. Yewdonia's Stores, Ltd., top of page 3.

RADIO enthusiasts. Fill in the coupon in the large advt. on this page for special free book describing the Milnes H.T. supply unit.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Bands and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (HONG), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HEADACHE stopped FREE! Try Cepho, the famous physician's Remedy for Headache and Neuralgia, in Powders and Tablets. It acts quickly and gives instant relief.—Send p.c. to **CEPHO, LTD.** (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

THE ONLY Rupture Appliance that has been granted a Royal Warrant is The Pallant. Now chromium plated for general use and sea bathing. Sole distributors—**Blunden Surg. Appl. Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 828H), 8, Oxford St., London, W.1.

FREE sample of WINGGARDIS, the wonder tonic wine. Fill in coupon on p. 29 and enclose 41d. in stamps to cover cost of post and pkg.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon. for the Booklet and further parties. See advt. on p. 38.

FREE to indigestion sufferers. A pocket or hand-bag sample of MOORLAND brand indigestion tablets is yours for the asking. Simply write mentioning John Bull to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds, enclosing 11d. stamp for postage. See p. 35.

GOOD HEALTH is your birthright. The remedies offered on page 43 will keep you fit and save you unnecessary expense. A free book containing 98 pages, packed with valuable medical information, will be sent free to all readers who send an order for any of the remedies advertised on that page. Turn to it now.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Write to the new Leg Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 18), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, "The Story of Elastic," or, better still, fill in coupon on Back Cover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BECOME an artist quickly. The first step, fill in the coupon on page 41 for a copy of an interesting book on drawing—free.

SUFFERERS from hair trouble should not overlook Mr. Fye's announcement on page 38.

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course advertised on page 20. Fill in the coupon, which will bring you full details.

WOULD you like a whisk free? A label from any size Bourneville Cocoa tin posted with the special coupon on p. 14 brings one free as illustrated in the advt. Accept this offer now.

If you write mentioning John Bull, to Department J1, Homebridge Mills, Birkbead, you will receive a free booklet containing a selection of recipes. This offer, which appears on page 29, should be accepted by all housewives and cooks.

FREE.—A generous sample of Casco, the new skin—sets chemically like cement. Simply send a p.c. to Leicester, Lovell & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 14/15, Nile-st, London, W.1. See page 38.

FEED your dog on "Red Heart"! A 1 lb. tin costs only 6d. If you cannot get it locally, write at once, mentioning John Bull, to John McNeil & Co., Ltd., 87, Victoria Street, Liverpool. Further details appear on page 22.

A FREE sample tube of MORNING PRIDE. Cut out the new brushless shaving cream. Put out the coupon on page 20. Fill your name and address, and attach 11d. stamp for postage, etc. If you prefer, write, mentioning John Bull, enclosing 11d. stamp, to Parnett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A), 81, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

NAIL BITING. Free booklet, sent privately, for 11d. stamp, explains how you can free your self (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Fitter, etc. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

A VERSATILE adventurer, who successfully carries off the dual rôles of duchess one day and lady's maid the next, is at present "wanted" by the police in London and various towns in all parts of the country for obtaining money by fraud and different other offences.

Many people of title have been caused considerable annoyance as a result of her impersonations, and, quite apart from her habit of misusing any titled name that springs to her lips, she poses variously as a wealthy authoress, a society hostess, guardian of a ward in Chancery, or an organiser of big charity functions.

Her real name is said to be Hamilton, but she uses any name that springs to mind. But such is her record that she has come to be familiarly known in police circles as "The Disappearing Duchess."

It is as a self-styled duchess that she has latterly excelled.

That she can contrive to defeat the concerted "drive" which has during recent months been made to bring about her arrest can only be explained by a secret of which she alone holds the key.

In her "duchess" rôle she is most picturesque, as one recent example of her activities will show.

Her dupe in this instance was a well-known titled woman whose town house is in the South-western district of London.

"The Duchess" singled out this particular dupe with great care, and knew before she started that her intended victim was a woman of considerable means. She always arms herself in this way by making full enquiries beforehand.

Her first step was to telephone the titled woman and introduce herself as a duchess who is a noted world-traveller.

By misusing the duchess's name, she naturally created a good initial impression; then she intimated that her real object was merely to do "a good turn." She knew how difficult it was to get really first-class servants, and, as she was likely to be absent for two or perhaps three years, it grieved her to think that she had got to part with one who, as a paid "companion," had been in her service for a long time past.

"The Duchess" explained to her

Wonder Gift from "Mother"

"Mother," the great new home journal for women of all ages, No. 1 of which is out on Thursday next, October 8, is making a novel and wonderful Gift Presentation to every reader.

It is nothing less than superb new-style household scales, British-made, enamelled, with a sunken dial protecting the pointer. These scales ensure accurate weight registration up to 8 lb.

There are two splendid supplementary gifts free—actually inside every copy of "Mother"—a lovely Art Plate of the Duchess of Kent and her son, the infant Prince Edward, and a 36-page Knitting book containing over twenty beautiful designs.

There are superb stories by such authors as Ethel Mannin and Monica Ewer, and articles on fashions, beauty and home.

A Harley Street physician conducts the Health department and a qualified nurse the Baby-craft section.

Don't miss No. 1 of "Mother" on Thursday next—sixpence everywhere. Order your copy to-day.

The Disappearing DUCHESS

Her Quick Change Into Lady's Maid



She was the "perfect treasure"—but little of value remained when she vanished!

that other property had disappeared simultaneously with the vanished "companion."

A visit which was then made to the local police station, and subsequently to Scotland Yard, provided more shocks. For enquiry revealed that the "companion" and the "duchess" were one and the same.

From information now collected about her it is clear that she frequently disarms her dupes by first of all telephoning them concerning her alleged trip abroad, for the sole purpose of "recommending," as a kindly gesture, a first-class servant who does not exist!

In many of her coups she does not set out to steal property, but, after the interview she so cleverly stages has taken place,

obtains money to enable her, she says, to take a few days' rest, during which period she can deal with certain personal affairs and other matters requiring attention.

Although her plans are always so simply laid, and although the slightest enquiry (if made in the initial stages) would foil her plans completely, her general audacity and cleverness are so perfectly balanced that her victims rarely entertain any suspicion until after her disappearance.

Widow pose

"The Duchess" has numerous other accomplishments. Not long ago she drove up to a large hotel which she discovered was about to be placed on the market for auction.

With all the necessary details about the establishment in her possession, she offered a price much in excess of that expected.

She posed as a widow in this instance, and said that her departed husband had left her vast possessions abroad.

She should not possibly settle down to a humdrum life of leisure, and thought of buying a hotel to manage, as she had, many years previously, owned one in Johannesburg.

She would be satisfied, apparently, with a small financial return for her investment, and proposed to take over the same staff so long as it was a capable one.

During the two or three days in which she "negotiated" this deal, she so impressed the owner that she raised

a sum of money on an alleged security which turned out to be quite worthless. Then, as she always does in her rôle of "duchess," she vanished again.

On another occasion, through an advertisement, she got in touch with an elderly victim and posed as an authoress.

She produced several letters which she said she had received from leading publishers about one of her works in preparation, and, in due course, brought into evidence what was stated to be the manuscript of a play which was at an early date being staged in London.

Within a few weeks she had wrung from this elderly dupe several sums of money, and then, as excuses became more and more difficult to find, suavely vanished once more.

At Birmingham, where she is particularly well known, she misused the names of a solicitor and a company director to obtain goods by false pretences; while in Cardiff, through a similar trick, she brought off a paying deal. At Exeter, where she bilked a dozen people in the impudently assumed guise of a famous society woman, she ran up credit everywhere.

Cheques obtained

In one case, in yet another of her numerous aliases, she took a furnished villa.

With the alleged "credentials" of a famous financier she operated with great success—for herself—until it was time for her to stage another of her disappearing tricks.

With the aid of a cheque book, which she had obtained by fraud, she imposed upon several victims, one of whom was killed a short time afterwards in a motoring crash.

But that was several years ago now, and, with the list of new victims steadily mounting up against her, the time is ripe for her to be brought to book with as much speed as possible.

SHARK Caught

IT is good to see that the charity cheats, against whom JOHN BULL has waged an unceasing campaign, are now engaging the attention of the authorities.

There have been several convictions recently, and from Swansea we have news of yet another that is certain to be applauded by all our readers.

A man named Alfred Henry Hugglestone hit upon the bright idea of passing himself off as the secretary of the Young People's Help Society, and in this guise he launched appeals and gathered in contributions in great style.

But as too often happens in the present lax state of the law he was more concerned with self-help than the laudable cause for which he appealed so successfully.

He might have been at it yet but for the intervention of the police, who brought him before Mr. Edward Milner-Jones at the Swansea Quarter Sessions on charges of obtaining money by false pretences.

The Recorder's comments are interesting.

"Apparently you have been living on defrauding charitable people," he observed. "That is a thing that must be stopped."

Hugglestone has gone to prison for twelve months with hard labour. The sentence is not one whit too severe, and there are many other despicable cheats of the same kind whom JOHN BULL trusts will soon be similarly dealt with.

Jewels gone

Even the address she had given on taking up the appointment turned out to be one at which she was not known.

More alarming still was the discovery, made shortly afterwards, that some of the titled lady's most exquisite articles of jewellery were missing, and

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

The Most Successful Course of All Time

33,000 TESTIMONIALS BY ACCOUNTANT'S CERTIFICATE

Acclaimed as the Eighth Wonder of the World!

Fathers . . . Give your lad a chance to develop the priceless qualities which the "International Course" can bring to your son . . . Health, Mental Alertness and robust vigour as well as a physique to be envied . . . without risk or strain. The "International Course" has the complete support of the Press . . . Medical Associations of this and many other Countries . . . It is the secret of successful living. Just investigate the FREE book and you will marvel what this modern science can do for you and your son.

A Real International Smile from SOUTH AFRICA



Pupil M. CARELSE

This photo shows the finished product after the full six months course.

Read what he says:—

258, Harover St.,
Cape Town, South Africa.
August 19, 1936.

Mr. H. Broom, Hull.

Dear Sir,
I want you to know that I have improved wonderfully with your Course. I feel like a new man now, and when I go out for a walk with chest out and shoulders back, my friends look at me with admiration. I owe all this to you. Undoubtedly you have the greatest Course in the world.

Accept my wishes for your continued success.
Ever your grateful pupil,
Yours faithfully,
Lgr. M. CARELSE.



H. BROOM

The World's Premier Physical
Culture Expert

The two photos shown here are of my pupil, Mr. M. Carelse, of South Africa. The first shows the results after only one month's training, and the second is the finished product. You can obtain exactly the same results. The original letters for every "result" in my advertisements are deposited with the Editor of "Health & Strength." I introduced PROVED RESULTS. It must also be pointed out that Mr. Carelse's family had the ravages of Consumption; what must that wonderful Physique and Radiant Health be worth to him? Your first step is to write for the "International Way" and you have then made a move towards SUCCESS.

**This Pupil shows a
10 in. INCREASE!**

Read this Pupil's letter:—

258, Harover Street,
Cape Town, South Africa.
March 30, 1936.

Mr. H. BROOM, HULL.

Dear Sir,
Enclosed please find my twenty-first and last instalment for your "International Course." I am also submitting a photo of myself, which was taken whilst two weeks on the first lesson. Wishing you continued success with the "International Course." I have already gained 10 in. by putting on pure muscle—thanks, Mr. Broom. I am, Yours faithfully, Lgr. M. CARELSE.



Pupil M. CARELSE, of South Africa

**HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING TO
EQUAL THIS RESULT?** Only just 15yrs. of age



PUPIL COLIN KIRKHAM
Age 15 yrs. Writes:

21, Adams Street, Maybank,
Newcastle, Staffs.

Mr. H. Broom,
Dear Sir,—I wish to write and tell you of the benefit I have received in taking my first three months' course. I was 15 years on August 5, and I have derived a great benefit by taking your Course.

Enclosed you will find an amateur snap of myself taken out of doors, and I think you will agree that for a boy of only just 15 years, it is very good. My measurements are also enclosed.

Yours truly, COLIN KIRKHAM.

Chest 36 Neck 14½
Biceps 11½ Thigh 18½
Forearm 10½ Weight 9 st. 1 lb.

"Your 'International Course' is A Miracle Worker"

Hope & Anchor, Marine Square, Holyhead.
H. Broom, Esq. May 15, 1936.

Dear Sir,—This is to inform you of the wonderful progress I have made. It is the realisation of an ambition to possess the body I now have, thanks to you and your Course. I am really so full of words that I find it hard to express my feelings good enough in writing.

Your International Course is a Miracle Worker. My body has undergone a transformation in three months. Thanks, Mr. Broom.
Yours faithfully, Lgr. J. F. BIRCHALL.

85% of all pupils have
reported satisfied even after
the first month's lesson only

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE CONSISTS OF

six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bell and new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All-Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit.

The Course really does give bulk in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps and, in numerous cases shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test . . . It's the Greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known! All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results, so that you can check over with those you are getting . . . This Course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week. If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course. SENSATIONAL PHOTOS FREE. Write for "The International Way." FREE.

SPECIAL OFFER 30/- OR 1/- WEEKLY

H. BROOM, BROOM HALL, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL

The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results.

GET A FREE COPY OF THIS BOOK!

It is safe to say that no book issued in connection with Physical Culture has been so much talked about as "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." The first Edition is finished and I am now able to offer the Second Edition. This book should be in the hands of every reader of this journal, whether desirous of taking the "International" Course or not. It is sent FREE for the asking.

Write for this Book To-day.
**It is the Most Remarkable
Book on P.C. Ever Offered**

**MAIL A CARD MENTIONING JOHN BULL
or USE COUPON BELOW**



COUPON

To: H. BROOM,
Broom Hall, Holderness Road, Hull.

Please forward, without obligation, "The International Way" and full literature of your International Course and photo prints of yourself and your son Eric, to—

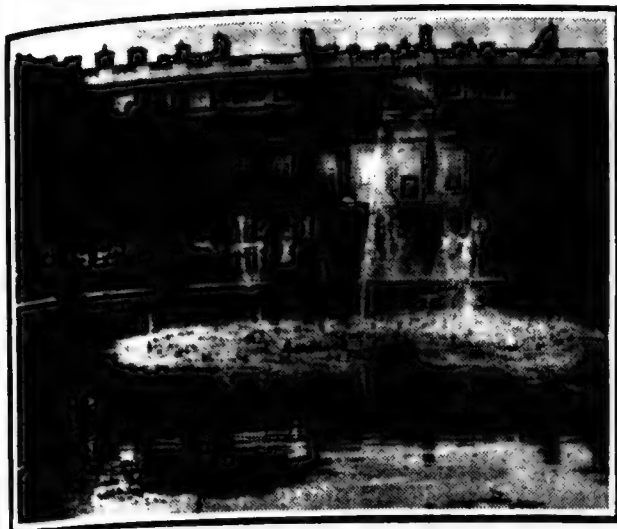
Name.....

Address.....

J.B. PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS 3/10/36

R.A.S.

Gardener Victim of Housing Scandal . .



Part of the grounds at Hampton Court, which it is Branch's duty to tend . . .

PALACE to work in— SLUM to live in

MANY people experience varied vicissitudes in the course of a life-time, but few, we would imagine, taste such bitter-sweet extremes of fortune as are the daily lot of Mr. Percival Branch, of Colne Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

For though he works amid luxurious and regal surroundings, he is condemned to live with his family in slum conditions that are a disgrace to the nation.

There are many aspects of his story that call for comment, and it is of especial interest as it is one of the numerous sad cases that have been brought to our notice following the publication of a recent leading article, "The Agony of Mr. Gooch," in which we protested that the housing situation is worse to-day than it was sixteen years ago.

The home of Mr. Branch is among more than 140 dwellings in Twickenham that are officially admitted by local authorities to be in a state of "over-crowding."

Vain appeal

Colne Road is a dingy thoroughfare within ten minutes' walk of the palatial building where Twickenham's Housing Committee presides in state; but he has appealed in vain to authority to better his lot.

His home is in an absolutely untenable condition, with walls bulging, floors heaving, ceilings over dingy bedrooms that let water in at every downpour of rain. But not the slightest effort has been made to respond to the repeated requests Branch has made for alternative accommodation.

Now consider the irony of his situation. He spends his days among things that are beautiful, spacious lawns and growing flowers, as a gardener in the Royal Palace of Hampton Court. But he returns at the end of the day to a refuge that can never be anything more than a horrible slum.

He spends his week-ends as a uniformed attendant at the Palace, in the same beautiful surroundings, cycling from his work to a home in which it is never possible for the entire family to sit down at the same table to a meal. He sleeps in a small box of a bedroom with his wife and three growing children.

In the shadows

So treacherous is the narrow stairway leading to this wretched retreat that the royal gardener has secured a rope, to which it is necessary to cling in order to ascend in safety. The walls are always damp, the ceiling is green with mould, nor can all the brave endeavours of his wife provide more than a semblance of moderate comfort.

The only other bedroom is at the back,



. . . and a scene in Branch's own home, which should be condemned and demolished

with a small window looking out upon a rat-infested yard. It is shared by three brothers, one attending school, the two elder both employed as grocery assistants.

For the wife, who is faced each day with the task of scrubbing, cleaning and cooking, the house is a veritable graveyard of hope, a squalid cavern of despair, into which fresh air cannot penetrate, nor the sun ever shine.

Eighteen years have passed since the occasion of their marriage, when Mr. and Mrs. Branch went to live in this cottage, the only house then available.

Both husband and wife are war veterans. Mrs. Branch before her marriage was a munition worker at Park Royal. Disabled in an accident, she was compensated by the award of a small lump sum.

Percival Branch served four years in

Flanders, and went through the thickest of the fighting. He was badly wounded by shrapnel, but he, too, accepted a small final award.

Branch is regularly employed, and he undertakes extra uniformed work over the week-end in order to provide further for his family. His two sons, aged seventeen years and fifteen, are a credit both to themselves and their employers.

The plight of these growing sons is a tragedy, for they are fine healthy lads just getting about in the world, able to see other homes, meeting

other boys of their own age. But although they are invited out, there is no place to which they can bring their friends.

It is natural they should be dissatisfied with such a house, but they are as helpless as their parents. The Branch family can never be "at home." There are no pleasurable occasions.

They must either go out or go to bed to squalid misery that is only lessened because it is concealed in the darkness.

The Twickenham Borough Council cannot plead ignorance of the plight of this thoroughly respectable family, for councillors and officers of health alike have visited the scene we have here described.

"The scullery is the best part of this house," observed the Medical Officer of Health, when he inspected the house in Colne Road, not so long ago

But although in recent years the "Royal Chartered" borough has expended more than half a million pounds of borrowed money on the erection of houses it has done nothing for Percival Branch.

This is all the more difficult to understand because four adjacent houses in the row of eight concerned have already been condemned and demolished.

And here is an added touch of irony. Branch spent five years in the service of the late King Manoel, ex-ruler of Portugal, at Fulwell Park, a picturesque and romantic site that has been converted recently to a housing estate. Some 400 small houses have been erected, but there is not one for the royal gardener, who now treasures a gift from the ex-King in the shape of a signed portrait of Queen Victoria.

It is not unnatural that the health of the members of this family has suffered as a result of the foul conditions in which they are compelled to reside.

A local doctor has been in attendance upon them for many years for coughs, colds, chills, and very nearly all the ailments which have their origin in slums.

Only in January of this year, the youngest of the Branch family, a baby of two years, was stricken with pneumonia. Damp walls, flooded floors, leaking roofs, all contributed to an illness that nearly resulted in death.

But although the doctor attending the child wrote a strong letter of protest to the local Council nothing was done. The royal gardener was informed that he was still on the "waiting list."

No more delay

We have here dealt exclusively with the plight of Percival Branch and his family. But theirs may serve as a typical example.

A glimpse of the truth is revealed in a report made recently by its Public Health Committee, which shows that no fewer than 143 families in Twickenham are living in "slum" conditions.

These slums, according to one resident, are as foul as any to be found in Britain. The standard is laid down by the Ministry of Health.

We can assure the public that when a house is found officially to be overcrowded, it is indeed overcrowded, and we urge the authorities to find a dwelling for the Branch family without more delay.

Twickenham is rightly proud of its riverside amenities, its giant open-air swimming pool, its pleasure parks and grounds, but it must do more for its working people. It is true that it has secured advances of more than £600,000 and has erected nearly a thousand houses for the poor. But if it has no adequate houses available for Percival Branch and his family and the many whose plight is equally desperate, we suggest it should set to work and build more.

SECRET Money-Making SNARE

HOW to make money is a theme that will always attract universal interest, but too many of the schemes put before a credulous public prove, on examination, to be chiefly confined to making money for the promoters.

This is certainly true of the offers made by the firm of Somerville and Co., of Bow Lane, Cheapside, London, which seeks to attract clients through advertisements in provincial papers.

The fact that the company's newspaper describes its activities as those of "publishers, printers, advertising agents, mail order specialists, circular distributors and facsimile typewriting specialists," might mislead some people, but our investigations prove that its offers are best left alone.

Under cover of providing what it terms "postal commercial bureau work," carrying remuneration of from £1 to £2 weekly for spare-time employees, it extracts advance fees of 3s. from applicants in return for working directions.

These are just so much rubbish, consisting of a few typewritten sheets recommending such occupations as envelope addressing or setting up as a home barber with the aid of a self hair-cutter that Somerville and Co. will sell to applicants at 1s. 3d. apiece.

"With this ingenious instrument," the working instructions declare, "you can trim your own hair, and also trim the hair of your friends."

Whether they would still remain friends is not indicated, but Somerville and Co. seriously suggests that £2 weekly

can be earned by this "guaranteed money-making plan."

As an added inducement, aspirants are presented with a free book of money-making plans. When we say that this contains such propositions as peddling home-made "Bed Bug Exterminator" or "Obesity Soap," our readers will agree that Somerville and Company has assessed its valuation exactly!

This same "Free" booklet carries various announcements relating to get-rich-quick ideas, but in almost every instance there is an exhortation to send more money.

A "Treasure Casket of Mysteries" is offered for 2s. 3d.; "Three Thousand Trade Secrets" are offered for 3s. 6d.; "Secrets of Wealth" are offered for 2s.; while "1,000 Ways and Schemes to Attract Trade" are available for 8s. 6d.

Untold heartbreak and disappointment is occasioned among unemployed people who are seeking some genuine occupation and who can ill afford to fritter away their savings in following up spurious propositions of this sorry kind.

• Write to
JOHN BULL
About it!

DOGS AND DOG OWNERS AGREE

'Red Heart' Diversified Diet is best



OWNER'S POINT OF VIEW. To be able to prepare the dog's meal in a moment by simply opening a tin and tipping the contents into his bowl is a convenience that all dog owners will appreciate. And when you add to convenience correctly balanced food values, the variety of flavour and the economy of "RED HEART," there is no wonder that owners are changing to this method of feeding their dog.

DOG'S POINT OF VIEW. A dog's sense of smell and taste is very strongly developed and, like a human being, he needs variety in his food to maintain a good appetite and to enjoy his meals. "RED HEART," with its three different flavours, is specially made to give your dog all the food value and nourishment for real health and vitality. "RED HEART" is a nourishing beef diet, and contains all the necessary vitamins, proteins, and carbohydrates.

"RED HEART" is made in three flavours which should be fed in rotation—Diets "A," "B" and "C." This taste variety gives your dog that change of flavour which means that he will never tire of "RED HEART." From your grocer, chemist or corn dealer. If unable to obtain, write to J. Morrell & Co., Ltd., 57, Victoria St., Liverpool, 1., or 10 Borough High St., London, S.E. 1.

It's handy! It's tasty! It's GOOD!

RED HEART *The Diversified Diet* **DOG FOOD**

CVR-47

Look on the bookstalls and
Newsagents for the cover below.

Here are
reduced
illustrations
of the three
World
Record
Celebration
Gifts.



No. 1 OUT THURSDAY OCT. 8

NEXT week sees a great event in British Journalism—the launching of No. 1 of "Mother"—a marvellous new home journal for women that sets a new standard in publishing. Modern! Original! Fascinating! A NEW IDEA! "Mother" will be a sensation. 120 big pages, many in colours—all printed in photogravure. Amazing contents that strike an entirely new note and will be the talk of the land. To Celebrate this wonderful historic first issue, "Mother" is making a Threefold GIFT PRESENTATION.

- 1. FREE!** Inside every copy of No. 1 is a BEAUTIFUL COLOUR PLATE, suitable for framing, of the Duchess of Kent and Prince Edward, reproduced from an oil painting by a distinguished artist.
- 2. FREE!** Also inside every copy of No. 1 is a 36 PAGE "MOTHER'S KNITTING BOOK" specially prepared with the assistance of Patons and Baldwins and containing over 20 new designs in knitwear.
- 3. GIFT PRESENTATION** Also inside every copy will be found Reservation Forms for a unique GIFT PRESENTATION to every reader of superb New Style HOUSEHOLD SCALES. These scales are an entirely new idea and a large special consignment has been reserved exclusively for the readers of "Mother."

Look at just a few of the enthralling articles and stories in No. 1 of "MOTHER." First long instalment of a great new romantic novel, "I Take This Woman," by Monica Ewer. A fascinating and exclusive record of Baby Prince Edward's First Year. A poignant real-life story, "Dreams Go By," specially written by Ethel Mannin. "Mother" Baby Craft Centre. Cookery pages. Special Medical and Home sections. A four-page fashion supplement, etc., etc.

You'll be amazed—delighted when you see No. 1 of "Mother"—it's definitely a remarkable departure, more intimate, more helpful, more inspiring than you ever thought a journal could be. Its reception will be tumultuous—you simply must not miss it—and the magnificent Free Gifts it brings you. Order your copy at once. On sale everywhere on Thursday, October 8, sixpence.

MOTHER ^{6^d} Monthly

The Great New Home Journal

QUESTIONS of diet, nutrition and food reform are always calculated to attract widespread interest, which is why they figure so frequently in new projects that appeal for public support.

One of the most remarkable propositions of this kind that I have ever encountered is outlined in a circular letter that is now being sent out broadcast, and about which I have received a number of enquiries.

It is addressed principally to the matrons of hospitals in London and the provinces and carries the heading: "National Institute of Nutrition, 64, Great Cumberland Place, London."

The signature to the letter is: J. Neil Leitch, M.D., M.R.C.P. (London), D.P.H., D.T.M. and H. (Eng.).

The letter reads, *inter alia*, as follows:

"During the last few years I have lectured to the nursing staff of nearly every hospital in Great Britain on the subject of nutrition. One of the questions I am most frequently asked is how a nurse can become a qualified dietitian for a small outlay.

"So far it has been difficult, but I have now been able to solve the problem, and in the following way:—We are shortly opening an institution of 200 beds, which will become, in effect, the first dietetic hospital in this country.

"Remarkable"

"Applications are now being considered for 50 vacancies on the nursing staff, on the following terms: All applicants must be state registered and must be prepared to stay for a year at least, and will be given a thorough training in theoretical and practical dietetics.

"For the first six months training is given in London at the above address. Applicants make their own arrangements for board and lodging. (This is available in our own hostel if desired.) For the second six months, training is continued in the institution, and is of a more practical nature. A diploma is granted on the completion of the training and examination, and there is no difficulty in obtaining openings afterwards.

"For the first six months applicants must pay three guineas a month towards the cost of training, making a total cost of eighteen guineas, which is their total



Dr. Leitch—famous people are eager to dissociate themselves from his affairs

by Sir Wyndham Childs

liability. This compares very favourably with previous arrangements, which necessitated a fee of fifty guineas, and maintenance for twelve months instead of six."

Members of the medical profession will—I feel sure—agree with me that such a letter calls for the description "remarkable."

With such a broadcast, it is only right that, in the public interest, full enquiry should be made into the origin of this scheme.

Consulting my records, I find that they contain information that is of exceptional interest.

In the early part of the year JOHN BULL carried a reference to the London College of Dietetics, also of 64, Great Cumberland Place, of which Dr. Leitch was the "permanent principal" at a salary of not less than £400 a year, with the addition of an unfurnished flat of not less than three living-rooms.

Students in dietetics were accepted by this "college" at fees of fifty guineas a year.

Before me now are letters from some of the students who paid over their good money to this "college," and discovered later that the tuition they received was of little value.

Disastrous

In one instance, a young widow, left in straitened circumstances by the death of her husband, pawned her jewellery to provide the means for a course at the London College of Dietetics.

Her experience was disastrous.

Then I have the case of three registered nurses who went to the college, and after an experience of the curriculum left the place in despair. They endeavoured to secure a refund on their fees, but failed.

There was also a suggestion that students would be sent for practical experience to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. Again an undertaking which was not carried out.

In reference to this I can quote an

Doctor's QUEER HEALTH Institute

official letter from this great hospital, in which the following emphatic statement is made:

"This hospital has made no arrangement with the London College of Dietetics to receive any pupils for practical experience, and, in fact, has no intention of receiving any pupils."

On the advertising literature issued by the college was an imposing list of distinguished men and women, nominated as "members of the Advisory Committee."

A number of these people wrote to Dr. Leitch withdrawing from any connection with his college.

Yet even after those definite instructions had been given the college continued to use the names to attract pupils.

One name thus used was that of a world-famous English physician. This personage had no real knowledge of the college or interest in it.

Instructions were given to remove the name from the literature, and yet it still appeared, to give by implication the idea that the great doctor was asso-

ciated with the venture. Eventually a solicitor had to take steps to ensure the omission of the name.

Records show that this college was owned by a small private company under the style of the London College of Dietetics, Ltd.

I understand that this company is now in financial difficulty. According to the file at Somerset House, both directors have resigned, and no new appointments in their place have been notified.

Former chairman of the company was Sir Leon Levison. In his own words, he resigned because he "felt dissatisfied with

the conduct of the management of the college, and after trying to do my best to straighten things up, and finding that things did not improve, I felt there was no alternative but for me to resign."

Now I learn that the London College of Dietetics has become merged in the larger National Institute of Nutrition, of which Dr. Leitch is the head.

Leave them alone

He is endeavouring to secure subscriptions for membership of this institute, as well as pupils for instruction.

Dr. Leitch appears to be particularly anxious to obtain financial support from the general public.

A little while ago, at his lectures, he was soliciting monetary aid for the "National Health Trust Fund," which had the same office address as the London College of Dietetics and the National Institute of Nutrition.

The different concerns—for they are only that—run from 64, Great Cumberland Place, are, in my view, open to the strongest criticism. All of them should be left alone.

In fairness to another organisation it should be stated that Dr. Leitch's London College of Dietetics and National Institute of Nutrition is in no way connected with the London School of Dietetics.

'Ware Mr. 'EVERGREEN'

EVEN in these enlightened days, when police court cases are reported extensively, and when warnings about the activities of the more active types of swindler are given repeatedly in these pages, it seems incredible that there should always be a ready contingent of men and women to be imposed upon by some of the commonest forms of fraud.

There is a man touring the country to-day, obtaining victims here, there and everywhere, in poses which belong to what Scotland Yard call the "evergreen" category.

He uses as many names as his years—he is in the neighbourhood of fifty—and has in his time passed as a clergyman, solicitor, Government official, retired man of means, doctor and ex-Army officer.

In truth, he has never been any of these, though he could rightly claim that he has been a distinguished guest on several occasions in certain Government institutions administered by His Majesty's Prison Commissioners.

This, though, for obvious reasons, he chooses to keep to himself!

His chief aim is to live as easily as possible by his wits; and, while it would be useless to give a full list of his endless aliases here—for he changes his name sometimes three or four times a day—he has come under police notice on several occasions in those of Davis, Watts, Easterbrook, Atkins and others.

In no matter what guise he adopts,

once he has selected his dupe he pretends mostly that he is "in the district" for the purpose of "viewing" certain property available for purchase. He mentions the names of local people of prominence with a reassuring knowledge of their movements and habits, and rarely arouses any suspicion as to his fraudulent intentions.

His favourite victims are selected from small hotel owners and boarding-house keepers, and his general practice is to promise to stay over a prolonged period while he is supposedly "viewing" the "local sites" he wants—either for some Governmental or official purpose, or for his own personal requirements.

Then he obtains money by plausible stories, goods by false pretences, and perpetrates his swindles generally by any other quick and profitable means that can be appropriately fitted in.

In one provincial town recently he interviewed a woman who was going abroad to settle down with her only son. She had advertised her furniture for sale, together with certain other articles which she now no longer wanted.

This "evergreen" swindler offered to buy up everything, on the nail, and then, by a callous trick, obtained all the available cash the woman had in the house.

The Commissioner of Police, and many of his provincial colleagues, have issued numerous official warnings about him during the past month or so, and many warrants are now in existence for his arrest.

Perilous Turf Trap

NOW that the flat-racing season is drawing steadily to its close the usual crop of complaints are reaching us about men who have been badly swindled by the annual crop of tricksters who start well-furnished but bogus bookmaking offices for the sole purpose of obtaining money by fraud.

Within the next few months, when police enquiries have been completed, there will be several cases before courts in different parts of the country arising out of such fraudulent transactions.

That some newspapers, knowing the pitfalls which often exist in announcements asking for partners with capital in racing schemes, still continue to allow them to be inserted without enquiring about the good faith of the advertisers is a matter which we think that estimable organisation the Advertising Association should endeavour to deal with once more.

A rogue working from provincial towns has obtained several sums of money in this way; and there is another individual, with numerous aliases, who has for ten years at least been obtaining large investments in "inspired" racing businesses on the promises of large profits for his investors.

Enquiries made recently reveal that another member of this fraternity, with the aid of sparkling advertisements, has turned over thousands of pounds by this means.

We are glad to hear that police officers are this year making renewed efforts to try to bring some of the offenders at least to book.



One they did catch—Cecil Swanland, sentenced to seven years' jail for being concerned in the Croydon bullion robbery

BULLION robbers are getting away with nearly £1,000,000 every year! This sounds incredible, but it is undeniably true, and all the facts point to the existence of an international gang of "gold thieves," whose principal members, although they are themselves well known to the police of many countries, contrive to evade arrest.

At the Old Bailey last week a trial was conducted on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, which occupied the attention of the judge, jury and counsel for several days. Four men—Leonard Ellis, James Francis, Henry Bryan and Frederick Hooper—were found guilty of "conspiracy to steal" in connection with a bullion robbery which took place in the heart of London in the early summer.

The robbery was staged after months of the most careful and elaborate preparation, and, unfortunately—as our investigations suggest—is usually the case—the real offenders were missing. Only the pawns were there to face the music.

Unsolved

Eminent police officers, many drawn specially from various divisions, worked day and night for weeks on the case; yet through lack of essential evidence they were unable to apprehend the real criminals, the men who have been "behind" other "Bullion" conspiracies during recent times.

The amount involved in the case dealt with at the Old Bailey was not large—a matter of £3,700. But, as we shall show in the course of our revelations, unsolved robberies of a similar nature have involved individual amounts ranging from a thousand pounds or so to as much as twenty thousand pounds and more.

Scotland Yard detectives suspect that the chief "Bullion" leader of all is a man who has many financial interests in London and the provinces. He is known as one of the most successful and dangerous "receivers" of stolen property in the country, and has been "under observation" by police officers on many occasions in connection with his closely guarded operations.

He remains immune: has a fine house in London, and mixes with people of standing and position who would be the last to believe that he could possibly associate himself with the sort of individuals who provide him with the bulk of his finances.

He, with the aid of several other

"known" but unconvicted masters of crime, probably planned the "Bullion" robbery which brought about the Old Bailey trial last week. Everything was most carefully organised, and unbelievably expeditious in its execution. The only setback to the thieves was that the gold was considerably smaller in value than they had expected.

This must have been no small shock to them, for bullion robbers, as will be seen from several of the cases we shall give, have their own espionage system, and usually are well informed.

There was certainly no hitch in their plans. In a one-way street a car suddenly stopped in front of the van and held it up. Simultaneously, a costermonger's barrow stopped abruptly, and several men rushed towards the rear of the van.

Rehearsals

In a few seconds a steel-bound box containing the bullion was being whisked off by the robbers in a fast car.

Just a week before, a secret "rehearsal" had taken place at the same spot, so that no hitch could possibly occur. That explains the clockwork precision with which every move was carried out.

Fortunately, an astute passer-by happened to catch the number of one of the vehicles used in the robbery and volunteered it to the police.

Piece by piece the enquiry was completed, and it was discovered that the plot had been over five months in the making.

Faced with almost insurmountable difficulties, police officers were able to bring to book the four men named. Many others are still at large.

Crimes of the "Bullion" type provide the authorities with the most perplexing problems. A first-class organisation undoubtedly exists in this profitable field of crime, a feature of which is a code of honour among its members that is rarely broken.

Although all the great resources of Scotland Yard have so far failed to prove it, the officers who have directed the enquiries into this particular robbery are confident that the real brains behind the scenes are those of the financier to whom we have already alluded.

Some little time ago this man, for instance, is believed to have been concerned with others—who are interested financially in a book-making business in order to mask their more criminal operations—in an unsolved mystery in which nearly £16,000 in gold and gold bars disappeared during transit from France to London.

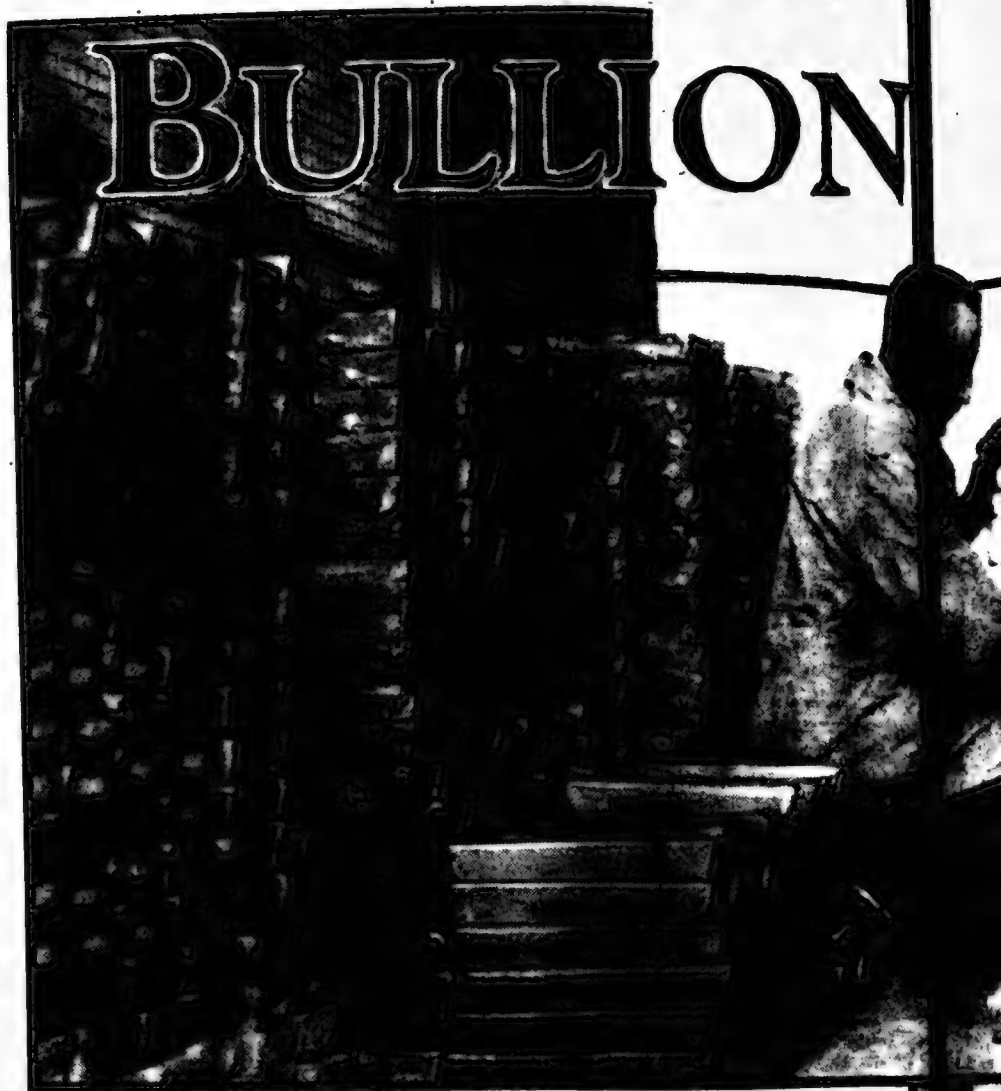
Vanished

The property was being conveyed to the Bank of England, but it never got there, and has never been seen or heard of since by its rightful owners.

Enquiries were made most extensively in France; railway, port and steamship officials were interrogated, bullion dealers on both sides of the Channel were seen by police officers, but all in vain.

After months of investigation, during which the names of many shady individuals known to be associated with the mystery financier cropped up, the only official theory reached was that the bullion must have been stolen after it had safely reached this country by boat.

But how such an incredible feat had been accomplished completely



Bullion! Lure for thieves of all kinds. Britain's biggest gang is headed by a mystery financier whom the police cannot yet trap

They get away with £1,000,000 a year

baffles all speculation and remains a mystery to this day.

They have good reason for believing that he is the same man who directed Cecil Swanland—and many other smaller thieves, who escaped punishment—in the amazing "Bullion" robbery that occurred at the Croydon (Imperial Airways) Aerodrome last year, in which gold valued at the time at more than £20,000 was stolen.

As in the recent Clerkenwell case, little of the gold has been recovered.

But for information given by an informant, who by chance overheard a conversation between some of the lesser conspirators in a West End hotel, it is doubtful whether Swanland would even have been sentenced to the term of imprisonment he is now serving.

The mystery financier's name, we can reveal, figures time and again in the confidential reports drawn up by Scotland Yard officers who have been engaged on bullion cases from time to time.

In every case the most painstaking steps have always been followed by the police to get the men with the real brains in the conspiracies into the dock.

Statements have been taken by a special squad of detectives from scores of people who it was hoped could throw light on to the truth behind the affairs.

But, as has always been known in police circles, there is a remarkable code of honour among bullion thieves, and though at one time it

was optimistically believed that at least some of the more important plotters would at last really meet their Waterloo after the aerodrome robbery, such was not the case.

The bulk of the proceeds of this robbery was turned into hard cash on the Continent within a few hours of the crime, and the negotiations were carried out by men who, as we shall later show, have little difficulty in disposing of stolen bullion.

About two years ago the High Commissioner for South Africa held a secret enquiry at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London. With the aid of Scotland Yard he endeavoured to assist in discovering what had happened to bullion worth £6,000, stolen during transit from Johannesburg to London.

Baffling

He found the robbery all the more baffling because the metal-sealed case, in which it had been despatched had been inspected—and found secure—during different stages of its journey from start to finish! Yet when it reached the consignees it was found to contain cement instead of gold.

A famous Scotland Yard detective handled the case here, and though every effort was made to get to the bottom of the mystery, and the same international gang was believed to be responsible, the necessary evidence was once more lacking.

During the past eight or ten years

ROBBERS

—Amazing Revelations

agents in the City of London related to bullion which belonged to the United Africa Co., Ltd., of Unilever House, London.

The mystery was all the more puzzling because it had been brought from South Africa under police guard, and was part of over £20,000 worth of raw gold and gold-dust despatched in twenty iron-clasped and locked cabinets.

As is usual in such cases, the cabinets were regularly inspected during the journey, and were all found to be in proper order upon

London street—and robbed in a similar way to that described in the trial which was dealt with at the Old Bailey last week.

In one case, in which subsequent enquiries centred unavailingly around several men who have figured in other bullion escapades, a fake "Royal Mail" van was used to carry away spoils worth at least £6,000 to the bullion thieves.

Lately more and more gold has been sent by air for the simple reason that it provides a much cheaper and safer means of transport. The thieves have yet to perfect methods of interfering with bullion while it is "in the air."

But they are moving with the times, of course.

During the last three years there have been at least four cases in which valuable consignments have been lost in flight, and never recovered.

Chief conspirator

The people who are at the head of the "Bullion Gang" are believed by the police to have associated formerly with a criminal organisation which until a year or two ago made astonishing hauls from mail-bag robberies. They centred their operations mostly on trains carrying registered mails, and "bullion" conspiracies call for considerable knowledge and accurate timing if success is to be ensured.

One of the chief conspirators is known to travel, with first-class tickets, in female attire, and return to male apparel after he has brought off a carefully planned train theft and made a hasty departure at the nearest available station!

It is the easiest thing in the world to dispose of bullion. Gold bars are, for the most part melted down, and made into rings or bracelets and other articles of jewellery.

Sovereigns to-day can be disposed of without the slightest trouble. In a "bullion" investigation, made only a few months ago by the police, an inspector was asked to call upon a well-known bullion dealer.

The dealer had recently had a visit from a man of foreign appearance, who explained that he had a considerable quantity of gold to sell. His story as to how he had become in possession of it seemed reasonable enough, and within the space of a few minutes banknotes were exchanged for the gold.

Two days later the foreigner returned, and with him was another person whom the dealer frankly did not like.

He asked a few more pertinent questions at this further visit as his suspicions were aroused when the men told him that they had several other "sales" to negotiate, each in

the neighbourhood of two or three thousand pounds.

When the men saw that the dealer might make trouble for them they became agitated. They were actually trying to dispose of stolen property—the proceeds of another of these astonishing bullion robberies—but made the excuse that they were acting for other men whose names were not to be mentioned.

The dealer very rightly went to his local police station and reported all the facts.

Although he was able to give a fairly detailed description of his mysterious visitors, it was found impossible to trace them and, as in so many cases of this sort, enquiries came to a dead end without any further official action being taken.

One of the most persistent of these super thieves is a man who was once shadowed over a long period on a bullion enquiry.

He was under suspicion again recently during investigations which were made by police officers into the disappearance of part of a cargo of bullion which was missing within a few hours of its arrival in this country.

Drive needed

Though, once again, weeks were spent by the officers concerned in trying to bring a charge home against the suspect, the plans which had been made to effect the theft were so secure and sound that the matter remains a mystery still.

And it very likely always will!

And, with all the science and cunning the "Bullion" masters of crime possess, and the great perfection of their first-class organisation, it is evident that there is need for a most vigorous drive against them if the ringleaders are to be brought to the dock.

The fact that prevention is better than the cure is true when applied to bullion robberies as it is in most things.

One lesson seems to stand out very conspicuously. If the rogues who plot these big-scale thefts so successfully can obtain advance information regarding bullion movements, then much more detailed information should be made available to the police in sufficient time to allow special precautionary measures to be taken.

And, just as the robbers plan their coups in secret, so the police should be in a position to prepare their counter-moves in secret.

How to curb them

If the problem is tackled in this logical spirit it is surely not too much to hope that traps can be set into which the thieves will walk to their complete confusion.

Let them be taught one lesson in this way and much will be done to curb their future activities. The very knowledge that they are liable to be met with unknown and unseen obstacles, if not acting as an actual deterrent, will at least shake their confidence.

So far they have had things too much their own way. It is up to the bullion firms, in close co-operation with the police, to ensure that anyone who attempts to tamper with consignments of bullion will meet with a warm reception.

It may be argued that the robbers are full of resource and will only become more daring in the execution of their coups.

But we are convinced that they must be met on their own ground and that plot must be met with counter-plot if their activities are to be ended.



The scene of a daring raid. Detectives on the spot soon after the daylight theft of bullion at Euston Station. The gangs are not so good at stealing bullion sent by air

bullion thefts have occurred in which the sums involved have been £1,400, £3,600, £9,000, £14,000 and even £21,000. In most instances no arrests have been made, though the police have linked up the same people time after time as having played some part in the plots.

An interesting case occurred in the Midlands, where a man suspected as a participant in a bullion robbery was detained and later sentenced. Several other men "concerned" with him escaped. It was later found that he was an associate of men known to have been concerned in a bullion robbery several years previously, in which the gold stolen was worth £10,000.

One of the most astonishing cases, which was investigated not long ago by some of the most skilled enquiry

arrival at Liverpool. At Unilever House, however, one—cleverly resealed to deceive even the most expert eye—was found to contain only iron scrapings and lead.

A police officer even went out to South Africa in the hope of probing another astounding episode of "Bullion" being stolen in transit, despatched to another concern with branches in England, but no arrest has so far been made.

Not recovered

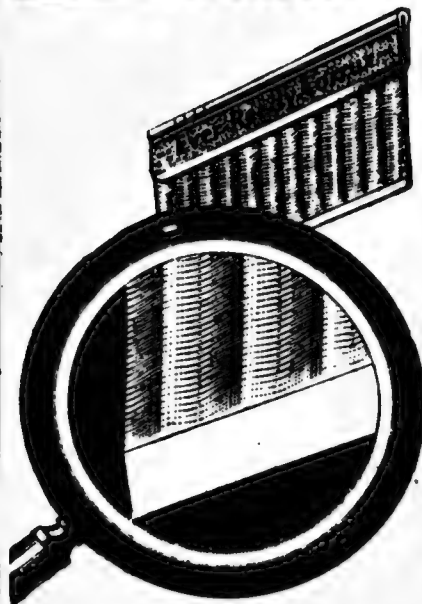
One bullion company, despite the most exacting precautions, was robbed three times in two years. One of these losses amounted to more than £10,000, and occurred when a railway van was "blocked" in a

Continuing: The CASE-BOOK of SUPT. HAMBROOK

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How Welham's mystery death was reconstructed for the benefit of the detectives, showing the twig and the string attached to the gun. Right: Welham and the blind spaniel Peter

Kennel Murder MYSTERY

IN murder cases, successful detective work is naturally judged only from a point of view of arrest and subsequent conviction of the guilty party.

Consequently, "failure," to some extent, must be written as the conclusion to the case with which I am now going to deal.

I was not able to make an arrest or to collect sufficient evidence to justify a charge before a jury.

All the same, I do not regard this particular case really as a failure. For I think that I know who committed the crime. Also, I have an idea that sooner or later something may happen which may prove my conclusion to have been correct and bring a murderer to the bar of justice.

Files of murder cases in police records are never placed away, marked as "completed," unless there has been trial and jury finding. Always the files are there waiting to be reopened.

AT any moment some small scrap of intelligence may reach police headquarters and raise again police activity in what the public regard as an unsolved mystery.

I shall now take my readers behind the scenes of what was popularly known as the "Riddle of the Kennels Murder"—the death of Edward George Welham, aged twenty-five, dog-trainer and manager of Coverdale Kennels, Tarrant Keynton, near the town of Blandford, in Dorsetshire.

Welham was found shortly before 10 o'clock on the morning of October 1, 1931, lying on the floor of a corrugated iron hut which he used as an office.

He was suffering from gunshot wounds in the head, and underneath him was his own 16-bore gun. He was unconscious owing to the terrible nature of his injuries, and died in Blandford Hospital twenty-four hours later, without regaining his senses.

Discovery of Welham was made by a

youth named Frederick George Deamen. This lad was eighteen years old and was employed as an assistant to Welham at the kennels.

To the first police officer on the scene—P.C. Head, of the Dorset Constabulary—Deamen stated that about ten minutes before the discovery Welham asked him to fetch a blind spaniel, named "Peter," from a kale field on the opposite side of the road.

When about a hundred yards away from the office Deamen heard a shot, but did not take any special notice, as he simply thought Welham was shooting a pigeon or a jackdaw near the kennels.

He continued his search for the dog Peter. When he returned with the animal on a lead he opened the office door and found Welham lying near his desk with the gun beneath him. Deamen then ran to a cottage about 300 yards away—where Welham lodged with a family named Hathaway—and gave the alarm.

At first it was assumed that the shooting was either suicidal or accidental, but when the inquest was opened on the day following the death, Doctor Kenneth Wilson, who had made an examination of the body, expressed his opinion, as an expert, that the injuries could not have been self-inflicted.

Thereupon the coroner adjourned the inquest for a week.

THE Chief Constable of Dorset visited the kennels and made an inspection of the office. He suspected that Welham was the victim of a murder, and promptly asked for the assistance of New Scotland Yard.

I was deputed to go down and take charge of the investigation. Well do I remember the uncomfortable train journey, with several changes and waits on small stations before I reached Blandford and was able to go into consultation with the Chief Constable and his district Superintendent.

One of the first things I did, after preliminary inspection of the kennels

and the surrounding country, was to ask for the services of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Home Office pathologist.

The Coroner had already issued his order for burial and arrangements had been made for the body to be taken to Ipswich the following morning; so there was no time to be lost.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury was then engaged on another murder case at Oxford. It was extremely difficult for him to get away, but nevertheless he managed it. He travelled from London during the night, and it was two o'clock in the morning when I met him at Blandford. He commenced the post-mortem immediately.

The opinion of the local doctor, that the injuries could not have been self-inflicted, was confirmed in every respect by Sir Bernard Spilsbury. The wounds were at the back of the head and on the left shoulder.

With such injuries it was absolutely impossible that Welham could have shot himself by accident or with suicidal intent. My view was that the wounds were all caused by a single discharge from a gun held in a horizontal position by a person standing several feet away.

After Sir Bernard Spilsbury had given me his first report he returned to London to pick up the threads of his other murder case.

For my part I settled down to pursue investigations at once. I always believe in working right on the spot, and in this instance I made Welham's hut my office, and most of the statements it was necessary for me to take were written down at the very desk at which Welham had been found.

My first step was to ascertain with exactitude what distance away the shots were fired into Welham. For this purpose I obtained the help of Mr. Allen Roland Jeffery, an experienced gunsmith, of Dorchester.

WE carried out a long series of experiments with Welham's gun in a lonely field on the outskirts of Dorchester town. Using pieces of board as the targets, Mr. Jeffery fired shot after shot at different distances until I was satisfied that we had secured exactly the same spread of shot on the board as appeared on the head and shoulder of the dead man, and also on his writing-desk.

When I checked up, I was interested to find that we obtained the identical spread of shot at a distance of 12 ft. 6 in. Now the distance between

(continued on page 28)

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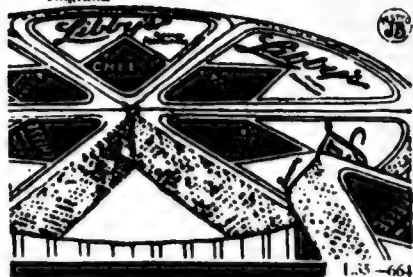
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Continuing: Kennel Murder Mystery

MY SECRET GUN TESTS



Hambrook, accompanied by the local police, set out on their enquiries in the neighbourhood of the kennels

Welham's writing-desk and the door of his office, which I had carefully measured, was about 13 ft.

You can imagine how this discovery thrilled me, for it confirmed my initial theory that Welham must have been shot by some person who stood in the opening of the door and thrust the muzzle of the gun slightly through into the opening.

If the shots which killed Welham had been fired at any distance less than 12 ft. 6 ins. then the spread of shot could not have been so great.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that this was a clear case of wilful murder.

Now that I had secured such telling evidence, it was a matter of simple logic to establish that as the gun had been fired at a distance of more than 12 ft., it could not have been found under the body, as Deamen saw it, unless somebody had thrust it there after committing the crime.

And it could only have been placed there for the purpose of leading the police to the false conclusion that death was the result of suicide or an accident.

But who was the murderer? That was my great problem, and whether I was successful or not, the fact remains that the more I probed into this strange drama of the countryside the more I was fascinated by its many puzzling features.

I HAD, of course, to establish the movements of everybody in and about the kennels on the morning of the shooting. I had also to probe somewhat into the private life of the dead man with the object of learning whether he had any enemies, or financial troubles. I had to endeavour to discover the motive which led to the shooting.

Now I must tell you a little about Coverdale Kennels, which are situated in a picturesque part of Dorset about three miles from Blandford. They were established by Mr. Ethelbert Frampton, a well-known merchant, of Christchurch, in 1929 for the training of forty or fifty sporting dogs, and for this purpose about 600 acres of shooting were rented with the kennels, which consisted of an army hut, about seventy feet long and fifteen feet wide.

This was built on a triangular piece of ground, the sides being the roadway and the River Tarrant, and the base a hedge dividing the land from an adjoining field. In the centre of the hut is the manager's office, which is on the same side as the base of the triangle, and it is approached from the roadway through gates about thirty yards distant.

The first dog trainer and manager of the kennels was William Harold Douglas Steer, and one of the strange features about this amazing case is that only a few months after he became manager he was found shot dead in a badger hole in Ashley Wood, which is quite close to the kennels.

His 12-bore gun was lying near him with the right barrel discharged and a live cartridge in the left. In this case there was no doubt that the gun was fired in close contact with his clothing, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict that he was accidentally shot.

Afterwards it was learned that Steer was in financial difficulties, so the possibility of suicide also came under review.

I suppose that it is only natural that local people coupled this tragedy with the death of Welham, and wondered whether, after all, Steer was murdered.

BUT I am satisfied that the death of Steer was not the result of foul play and that there was no connection between the two tragedies except that Welham, who was Steer's assistant at the time, succeeded him in the position of manager of the kennels.

When Welham took over the management of the kennels in the early part of 1930, he employed Deamen as his assistant. The only other member of the staff at the kennels was a young girl, named Mary Hathaway, who lived with her mother and father in a cottage about 300 yards to the kennels. She acted as kennel-maid, but did not start work until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and remained until dusk.

Welham, who lodged at the Hath-

away's home, began work at 7 o'clock in the morning; went back to breakfast at 8 o'clock and then returned to the kennels about 9. Deamen lived six miles away and travelled to and fro on his motor-cycle. He had his breakfast before leaving home, and was alone at the kennels during the hour when Welham was taking breakfast with the Hathaways. Deamen's day's work ended at 5 o'clock in the evening.

Those times of the employment of the people at the kennels were important to me. I needed times and details of work to form in my mind a picture of the regular routine at Coverdale Kennels. Much may arise in crime detection by a comparison of times and distances.

Occasionally, I found, Welham used to go out shooting in the evening with Harold Hathaway, the brother of the kennelmaid.

Their common practice was to take one gun only and several dogs.

On the evening before the tragedy, I learned that Welham and Harold Hathaway were in the office together at 6.30. Welham asked Hathaway to take out a 12-bore gun. There were two guns kept in the office, this 12-bore and the 16-bore with which Welham was shot. Harold Hathaway cleaned both guns that evening, and, after doing so, placed the 16-bore gun inside a cupboard near the office writing-desk.

The two men then went out shooting, returning at dusk, when Hathaway placed the 12-bore gun, which they had used, alongside the 16-bore gun in the corner of the cupboard.

So the guns were left.

The next morning, Welham and Deamen arrived at the kennels at the usual time when the normal work was commenced.

When Welham left his lodgings that morning for the kennels he was in his normal health and spirits.

Now Peter the blind spaniel, enters upon the stage. Welham was devoted to this dog, and it was his custom to allow Peter every morning to roam in the field across the road from the kennels.

There is, no doubt, on the morning of the tragedy—I established the movements of all concerned without any question—that Welham followed his usual practice.

From Deamen, I secured a detailed narrative of the events which immedi-

ately preceded the tragedy. He told me that he saw Welham on returning from breakfast sitting at his desk writing letters. Welham asked Deamen how much more cleaning there was to do. "One more kennel," Deamen replied. Welham then said, "I want to go out shooting and I want you to fetch Peter."

After finishing his work in the last kennel, Deamen went across the road to fetch the blind spaniel. He heard the dog barking and went round by the far edge of the field to get him. When about half-way across the field, and about 120 yards from the office, Deamen said that he heard the report of a gun coming from the direction of the kennels. The shot did not sound very loud.

A minute or two later, he caught Peter, put him on a lead and returned with the dog. After placing Peter in the kennel, he pushed open the door of the office, which was still closed, and then saw Welham with a gun either at his side or underneath him. Deamen was frightened and ran to the Hathaway's cottage to inform them of what had happened.

Various members of the Hathaway family rushed to the office after this alarm was raised. The first to arrive was Tom Hathaway, the father. Hathaway informed me that when he bent over the man lying on the floor, he saw Welham was unconscious and bleeding from wounds on the head. The barrels of the 16-bore gun, he noticed, were under Welham's back; the triggers being just about the right shoulder.

Some minutes later Police-Constable Head reached the office. He removed the gun and made the injured man as comfortable as possible until the ambulance arrived.

I ascertained that Mary Hathaway, who ran with the others to the office, had noticed a rather peculiar thing. Welham's jacket, which he almost invariably wore buttoned up, was unfastened.

A BOUT two inches of the wallet, in which Welham always carried his bank notes, and some papers were sticking out of the inside jacket pocket.

The projection from the pocket of the wallet and the papers looked as though these articles had been taken out and hastily thrust back.

Police-Constable Head—again according to what I learned from him—was convinced when he saw the office that the kennels manager had shot himself.

Head, a countryman, knew the difficulty of firing a sporting gun so as to give the appearance of an accident. He looked around for some sort of article with which Welham could have touched off the trigger of the gun and fired the cartridge.

"I cannot see any stick or string by

(continued on page 30.)



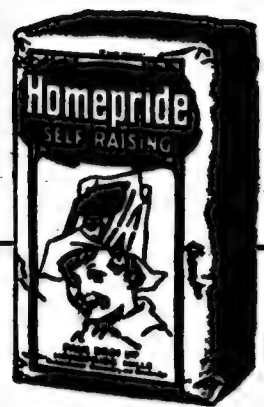
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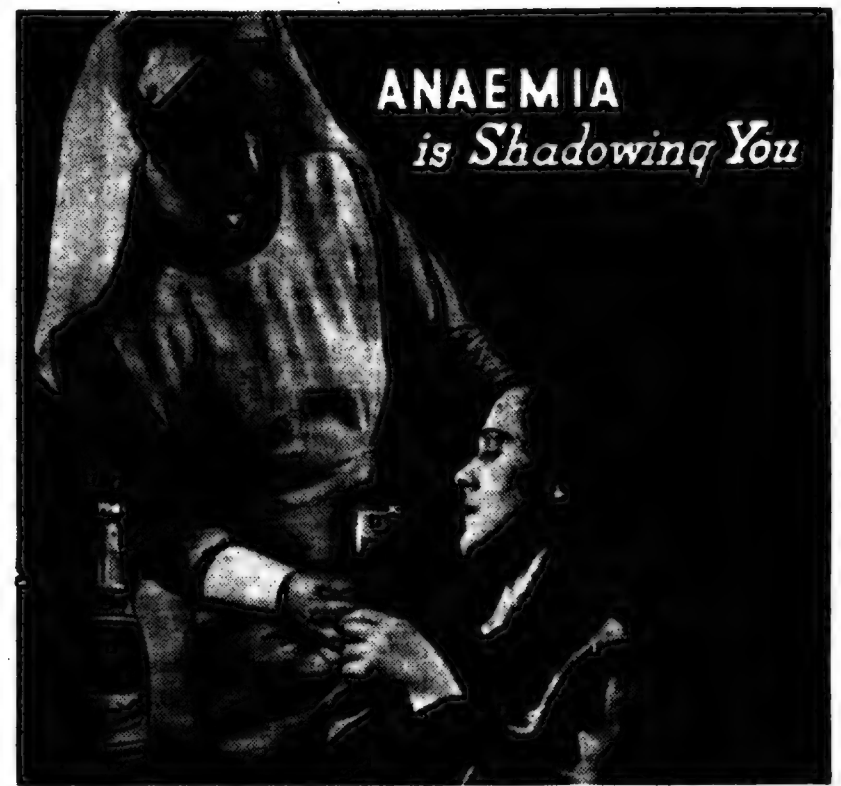
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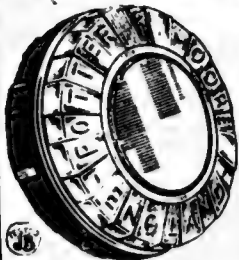
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which he could have done it," said Head to the little gathering of people in the office. "You usually find a stick or string in a case like this." He then asked if anything had been touched and was assured that nothing had been touched.

The constable again looked round the office, but saw nothing near the gun which might have been used to pull the trigger, and he said to Tom Hathaway, "I cannot even find a bit of string. I don't suppose you saw one." Tom Hathaway replied, "No, everything is the same as when I came."

For reasons which will appear subsequently, I accentuate these observations which the Dorsetshire constable made soon after the fatal shooting had taken place.

Later—as my report shows—Mr. Ethelbert Frampton, the owner of the kennels, reached the office. Mr. Frampton had a great personal regard for Welham and from the beginning scouted the idea of suicide. He knew Welham as a man most careful with his guns.

Welham would never have left a gun loaded in the office, and it was his habit to unload his gun carefully before crossing the road when returning to the kennels from a shoot.

Mr. Frampton examined the spread of the shot on the writing desk, and this further convinced him that this was not a case of suicide or accident.

Many points which needed further explanation obtruded from the statements I had taken from people at the kennels, residents in the neighbourhood and others.

There was, for example, the significant position of the money wallet in Welham's coat pocket.

Search as I could, there was nothing whatever discoverable in the private life or business associations of Welham which gave the faintest suggestion of suicide.

He was a young, thoroughly honest, healthy, cheerful young man, interested in his occupation and without troubles.

Yet, among the local people, I found the idea persisted that the death of Welham had been the result of an accident or suicide.

The accident theory was proved to be fantastic from our experiments. The suicide notion was equally untenable. Welham had been murdered.

OWING to the rooted notion of the locality that this was not a case of murder, I met considerable and unexpected difficulties with which I cannot very well deal in print. But I can tell of one amazing development in this unusual case.

So strongly was the suicide theory held in the village, and so strongly did the local people resent any attempt to upset the theory, that the Rev. G. Mann, Rector of Tarrant Keynton, in the course of a Sunday sermon, made a special appeal to his parishioners to help the police in their investigation. I do not recall any occasion in which a similar appeal has been made from the pulpit in connection with a case of alleged murder.

He said in his sermon: "Whether this awful thing which has happened in our midst was due to an accident or was a

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Fred Deaman, who found the body and gave the alarm

Continuing: Kennel Murder Mystery

CLUES of the STRING and TWIG

crime of murder, it is our duty to combine together and find out the truth.

"It is not only our duty to our community, but it is also our duty to our country to help the officers of the law who have been sent down from Scotland Yard to enquire into this matter.

"We should give them all the help we can. It is also our duty to God to combine in this way, for the murder—if it is murder—is a crime committed against God."

These truly moving words from the Rector's sermon gives some indication of the difficulties facing myself and my colleagues at that time.

Meanwhile, I was following every

Next Week: My First Murder Case

possible avenue of investigation. Questions of time and distance became important on one particular point. I spent long hours with my sergeant in a field measuring out distances and checking up exactly what space of time would be needed to cover that distance.

The report I was able to submit to the coroner was a most complete one, but by its very nature, it had to be inconclusive on the vital problem of who murdered Edward George Welham?

I was quite sure that the murderer could not have been a stranger to the district. No stranger was seen in the village that morning.

How and when was the 16-bore gun removed from the cupboard and loaded without Welham's knowledge?

The time chart that I had now carefully completed showed that this could easily have been done when Welham was at his breakfast.

Robbery, to my mind, was undoubtedly the motive for the murder.

Welham usually carried a considerable number of notes in his wallet, and only £1 was found therein when the wallet was taken by the police from his jacket. A further £9 was found in the desk in the office. But Mr. Frampton, the kennels owner, estimated that there ought to have been at least £10 in Welham's wallet that morning.

When the coroner's inquest was resumed a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned.

AFTER this, I returned to London, satisfied that I had accomplished all I legally could—but not all I would have liked to do—to solve the mystery.

Imagine my astonishment when, some days later, I received a communication from the Chief Constable of Dorset. This was to the effect that Tom Hathaway had told an entirely new story. Hathaway had confessed that when he entered the office—after Deaman had raised the alarm—he saw a piece of string and stick attached to the gun.

This made it appear to him that it

was a case of suicide. Wanting to shield his friend and lodger from any stigma, Hathaway secretly removed the string and stick, in the hope that the shooting might be regarded as accidental. Hathaway also had the idea that by doing so he would save Welham's old mother the shock of knowing that her son had killed himself.

On receiving this information, I immediately returned to Coverdale Kennels. There I saw Tom Hathaway, a man of about sixty years of age. He was obviously very much upset.

He told me that when he first entered the office a few minutes after he learnt Welham had been shot, he found a piece of string 2 ft. 9 in. long and a hazel stick near the butt of the gun. The string was attached to the stick by a loose slip-knot, and the other end of the string was near the trigger. While he was alone for a few minutes in the office, he picked up the string and slipped it into his pocket, and put the stick in a corner.

After the verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown was returned at the coroner's inquest, Hathaway was still of the opinion that Welham's death was a case of suicide. He was afraid, however, that somebody might be arrested for a crime he had never committed.

THIS fear preyed on his mind and eventually he made a disclosure of his secret.

I am quite certain that although Tom Hathaway's intentions did credit to his kindness of heart, nobody regretted more than he did his foolish action of removing the string and the stick.

Fortunately, he had kept the string in his pocket, while the stick was still in the office. Thus, I was able to carry out new experiments with these two articles.

But here again results proved that it would have been absolutely impossible to have fired the gun—as it was fired—by the use of them.

Even Police-Constable Head, who had been such a consistent opponent of the murder theory, changed his opinion, and frankly admitted that someone other than Welham must have fired the shot.

Hathaway's revelation made the slaying by the murderer of a suicide or accident rather more of an elaborate affair than the mere placing of the gun under the body. It proved also that the crime had been cunningly conceived and was not the result of a sudden impulse.

If Tom Hathaway—an absolutely honest and well-meaning man—had only left things alone, the murderer might have been caught in a net of his own making.

In my own mind I know the explanation of this enthralling mystery. Some day the world may know it as well, and then a terrible crime may be avenged.

SAVE TIME

Why start the day with a rush when by shaving with "Morning Pride" you eliminate soap, brushing, lathering and rubbing. "Morning Pride" gives you the quickest and cleanest shave you have ever had.

MORNING PRIDE
THE RAZOR SHAVE PREPARED CREAM

TUBES 1/- JARS 1/6

FREE SAMPLE TUBE

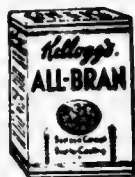
Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send them with a 1/- stamp (for postage and packing) to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Is SAPPED ENERGY holding you back?

You can't get on if you lack energy. And sluggishness and dullness are usually the symptoms of constipation. But don't resort to harsh laxatives. Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day will keep you fresh and energetic. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" most diets lack. It exercises the intestines and so ensures the complete elimination of all waste. At the same time the iron it contains enriches and purifies the blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN requires no cooking. It is equally delicious as a cereal with cold milk or cream, or when added to other foods. Make sure you see the name Kellogg's on the packet.



7 1/2 D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

109



ALWAYS IN FRONT

This 'Ever Ready' electric cycle lamp gives 18 hours of light for 8d. A twist of a switch and a clear 150 foot beam stabs the darkness ahead. There is no fuss, no mess, no blowouts with 'Ever Ready' electric lamps—they're matchless. Type 2036 as illustrated in stoved black enamel with nickel fittings. **2/6**

Obtainable everywhere.



ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N7

Anne meets her schooldays sweetheart and marries him



MOTHER, ALAN'S ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM — ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?



Anne didn't realise until she met Alan again how much harm five years in town could do to the complexion. Stuffiness in-door atmospheres soon cause "tired skin" unless you take care to prevent it by using Knight's Castile. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face. That's why this mild, creamy soap acts upon the skin just as pure country air does, restoring lost vitality and keeping the complexion fresh and youthful. Buy a fourpenny tablet of Knight's Castile to-day.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

GLASGOW MOTHER'S ANXIETY

"What's wrong with my child?"

"AT a recent school outing I could have hidden my face in shame," writes a Glasgow mother. "My girl seemed so pale and peaky beside the other girls. Even Mary, my sister's child, who's a few months younger, is much stronger and catches colds much less often. My sister gives her girl Scotts Brand Emulsion in winter, but I gave Edna a cod liver oil tonic, too. If only I knew what was wrong."

Doctors still say, as they have done for generations, that there's no finer body-building tonic for children than cod liver oil. Yet thousands of mothers have the same bitter experience as the one who wrote the above letter. That's the risk you run if you give your child plain oil or an ordinary cod liver oil mixture.

A Great Medical Discovery

An eminent Research Body has discovered the reason. Its report says that cod liver oil must be made digestible before it can do good; it must be made into the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion, so that children can get all the body-building goodness they need.

Other winter tonics may either upset your child's digestion or let the vital oil pass through without doing good. But Scotts Brand Emulsion is absorbed into her system within 30 minutes after taking, and by that time every drop has gone to strengthen her whole body, particularly her chest and lungs.

That's a fact you must remember when you go to the chemist's to buy a winter tonic for your child. A body-building tonic can do good only if it is digestible. It is wholly digestible only if it's in the form of Scotts Brand Emulsion.

This easily digestible tonic puts into your child's body just what it needs. Purest cod liver oil to make sound muscle and tissue. Hypophosphites of mineral salts to make bone. Vitamin A to keep off illness. Vitamin D to tone up the whole system.

Amazing change in a child

Within a few weeks you'll begin to see your child put on weight, eat better, sleep better, play more vigorously and go through the winter as safely as the little Birmingham girl whose mother writes this letter:

"I used to envy other mothers when I saw how much stronger and healthier their children were than my girl. Last winter she kept catching one cold on top of another. Then I put her on to Scotts. She's a regular tomboy now, but I don't mind so long as she's healthy."

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion for your child today. Let her have it right through the winter. Watch her grow up big and healthy and free from the coughs, colds and winter illnesses that make other mothers so anxious about their children.

Strictly Anonymous..

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul. Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden. We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

I HAVE seen it written that the only Hell that exists is in a man's own conscience, that the eternal fires are but the tortures of self-reproach at doing another fellow-being an injury.

I can quite believe it, for I once wronged a man callously and wickedly. By causing his downfall, I contributed to his death. He was my own brother. It was almost the story of Cain and Abel over again, in a modern setting.

Thus it comes about that I have tasted indescribable terrors. Alone with my secret for forty years, I have felt pangs of remorse by comparison with which the tortures of an all-consuming fear would seem like a happy release.

I had a brother who, although my junior by four years, landed a good job in the office of the local authority governing the town in which he lived, a fact which led me to congratulate him warmly.

Under the surface, however, I was actually ablaze with jealousy over his success. To begin with, he had always been both successful and popular at school—I both a dunce and hardly tolerated by my fellow-scholars. On top of that, I had tried for the Civil Service and failed.

And so, as the years went by, and my brother advanced to a safe £3-a-week job—a job really worth having in those days—the fact that I was holding on precariously to a junior clerkship at less than a pound a week made my bitterness the more acute.

Then he met a girl and married. Of course, it would be a girl I liked better than any other I had ever met. They allowed me to live with them. Economic circumstances made it too tempting an offer to decline, although to see him happy with his wife drove me into frenzies of envy.

WHY, even new acquisitions of furniture, pretty improvements to their home, used to strike me like a knife-blade plunged into my heart.

At last came a time when he was able to get me a job in his office. "Him get me a job—and as an underling at that," I accepted it, of course, but it was gall and wormwood to have to take such favours from his hands.

But it was worse gall and wormwood to have to work in the Contractors' Tender Department immediately under him. My boss a younger brother!

I was in more or less the frame of mind I have described when, at a time when the local authority had sent out specifications to a number of firms to tender for a building job at round about £8,000 my brother was deputed to handle the replies.

I think there were ten of them; I can't be definite as to numbers. Anyhow, when they arrived he invited me into his private room to go through them and check them over.

Then he handed the batch to me with the lowest tender at the top and the highest at the bottom—the fact that one was put at the top was a sort of implied suggestion that he recommended that one—and gave me an instruction as to what to do with the pile.

It was to take them into the Board Room and put them on the chairman's table—a job he should have done himself and not left to a junior.

After that, having told me to forget anything I had read in checking over what were really the confidential documents of the Council, he broke the news



Into a shaking hand he took his own notice of dismissal—it was my revenge

I Betrayed my BROTHER

to me that I shouldn't have been allowed to see them at all, really.

So he had broken a rule of his employment, this successful and painstaking brother of mine. Very well. I would let people find out. It would be good to see him humbled for once—just taken down a peg, as I had so often been.

Easy to put all the tenders on the chairman's table with the exception of the lowest, the top one, the all-important one. As for that document, just as easy to cram it into his desk, among a lot of tattered papers, where he would never expect to find it.

Well, Wednesday passed and nothing happened. We went home together that night without a word being said. I began to despair in case my plans had miscarried somehow.

Thursday lunch-time arrived without the loss of the missing tender being noticed. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came intervention on the part of the Borough Engineer.

"Where's Blank's contract?"

My brother's effort to say that he himself had put it at the top of the pile was cut off short. "Find it at once," demanded the Engineer. "I'm waiting to give orders to the Clerk of Works."

Of course, my brother came to me. "I tell you, I put it with the others, right on top," I said sullenly. "Why don't you do your own dirty work?"

He searched all through the afternoon, turned his own desk inside out, even threw the pile of tattered papers that contained the missing tender out of his drawers into the general confusion—and then sank hopelessly into his chair.

"It's no good, it's been stolen," he said.

AND evening came with the documents still unfound, and my brother on his way home suspended from all further duties pending enquiries.

The time had now come for me to do something. I could see things were going too far. I had not bargained for anything worse for my brother than a good wiggling.

But what more could I do—being too big a coward to confess the truth—than to say to somebody in the office: "I think every paper in his desk should be sifted page by page?"

And that was done.

Then on the following Monday he received a summons to a full meeting of the Board. Every officer was here.

"Well, we have found the contract—" were the first words spoken. "Yes, we have found it hidden away in your own private papers, tucked away with the obvious intention of concealment."

"In our view, there can only be one reason for such an action on your part, and that reason that in some way you stood to benefit financially by the non-acceptance of that tender."

My poor brother, tight-lipped, pale-faced, began to pour out a torrent of denials. He was stopped at once.

"And all that being so," the voice went on, "I have been instructed to hand you this letter."

And a fine, conscientious fellow who had never done anybody a hurt in his life took into a shaking hand—his own notice of dismissal.

I WENT home that night to find a still-born baby in the house. The little life my brother had expected was not to be.

"It was the shock," he sobbed to me.

Yes, and that shock was to wreak even greater havoc. Within a year my brother lost the finest wife man ever had, her end, no doubt, hastened by grief, privation, and disgrace.

My brother, too, has gone now. I often wonder whether he wouldn't be with us now if it had not been for the train of tragedies I began.

Yet I, the author of it all, am left with my secret, a tortured man who sees no escape from his own conscience. Truly, I wear the brand of Cain.

Brandy...

MARTELL

... has SO MANY USES

With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!

Ambiron BELTED CORSELETTE



Send **1/-** ensures well-knit figure.

Experience proves this garment the ideal figure-moulding corset and brassiere combined, for it is worn and praised by many thousands of modern women.

UNIQUE ADVANTAGES.
In one garment it provides for the needs of slim, medium or full figures; it has adjustable shoulder straps, spiral steel back supports, underbust with pin, bust, surgical elastic leg fastenings and six suspenders.

It is made of strong Tan Rose or White Coutille, and the price is only 8/11 now for all sizes.

SATISFY YOURSELF FIRST

Buy the Ambiron way. Send only 1/- deposit (returnable if you do not keep Corselette) and see this corselette in your own home before deciding to buy. Then pay balance in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- as you prefer. Use this coupon NOW.

B.C. BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, a New Ambiron Belted Corselette at present Bargain Price of 8/11. My measurements are:—

Best: _____ Height: _____

State whether Tan Rose or White preferred. Size ranges from 28 in. to 40 in. Bust. I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4/- postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied and I return the goods at once, un worn, you will refund my deposit.

State Bust and Hip Measurements and enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address, and Postal Order crossed thus: / / in ink.

(Overseas full cash only.)

"John Bull," 2/10/36. No. 409.

Post your Order at once to: Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 409, Ambrose House, 90, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.



SAVED THESE TEETH

"A patient came for treatment. The usual treatment suggested would be whole-tooth extraction (which I detect). I scaled, and gave him a tube of 'S.R.' He returned when the tube was finished. I advised him to get another tube and carry on, which he did. When he called again the mouth was clean and wholesome, and all I shall do for him now is one extraction of a stump. All the credit, I believe, is due to 'S.R.'"
(Ref. A. 33.)

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is specially prepared to preserve the gums in a firm, healthy natural condition. Nothing so effective has ever before been available to the public. "Pyorrhoea" is not necessarily an incurable disease—proper care and, most important, regular daily attention to the gums with Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste will restore and maintain their health. Dentists are delighted with Gibbs "S.R."—results have far exceeded their expectations. The letter quoted above is typical of many received. You, too, will be delighted with the results of Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste. As well as being so effective for the gums Gibbs "S.R." is exceptionally good for the teeth—removes stains without damaging the enamel and makes the teeth splendidly white. Buy a Tube to-day.

Ask Your Dentist!

Gibbs "S.R."
(TOOTH PASTE)

FOR TEETH & GUMS

Price 1/2 per large tube.

When Bobby and Beryl—



When Bobby and Beryl were about as old as this, they somehow turned against milk.

What fusses and faces there always were, Bobby saying he wouldn't drink the horrid "tuff." Beryl too. Mother insisting because she knew that they would never have round cheeks and sturdy legs and bright

eyes unless they got lots of milk.

So in the end Mother played a little trick on them. She gave them Nestlé's Milk spread on bread and sometimes on a biscuit. She calls it 'cream jam,' and in this way Bobby and Beryl get plenty of milk in the safest form in which you can give milk to any little boy and girl. 

NESTLÉ'S MILK

LARGE SIZE 7½^D

SMALL SIZE 4^D

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"KING OF THE ROAD"



*The Finest Range
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JOSEPH LUCAS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM 10.



PRICES
2/6 TO
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Mother! Are YOU in doubt?



"Naturally, you want to be very careful what you give him while he's poorly. Mrs. Mitchell. I wish all mothers were wise enough to ask for advice!

When a child is ill there is nothing to equal 'California Syrup of Figs' for relieving the bowels gently, without upsetting the little invalid. It takes away all the poisonous waste matter naturally. 'California Syrup of Figs' is a safe, natural laxative—it acts on the bowels gently but surely. While Bobby is ill, keep his bowels open with 'California Syrup of Figs'.

When Bobby is well again, take my tip, Mrs. Mitchell, and let him have a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'. Never give him a strong purgative, however temptingly disguised. I've known so many mothers make this mistake. 'California Syrup of Figs' is safe. Doctors always recommend it and give it to their own children.

'California Syrup of Figs' is a particularly fine laxative for grown-ups. I always give it to my patients, young or old.

Your chemist sells it in two sizes, 1/3 and 2/6. I always advise the larger size—it's cheaper in the long run. But be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand."

California Syrup of Figs

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE



He'll be
a new man
after a bath with a
Reckitt's
PINE CUBE

BECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

BE careful about the rivers you choose to bathe in. There are plenty like the River Tyne, about which Newcastle's Medical Officer, Dr. J. A. Charles, recently said: "Practically every person who is involuntarily immersed in this river contracts septic broncho-pneumonia as a result of inhalation of the water."

Don't get "immersed"—voluntarily or involuntarily—in the River Ely. Its waters are likely to give you enteric fever. One boy who bathed in it has died and several more have had the disease.

Mr. Walter Elliot recently admitted that "there are scandals in the way of river pollution which are disgraceful. Many of Britain's rivers are nothing more than open sewers."

That is a queer statement to come from the head of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, one of those Departments which is responsible for the rivers. There is a certain irony also in the fact that at the very moment Mr. Elliot, as "Minister for Fisheries," was making those remarks he was, as Minister for Agriculture, being blamed for that very crime against which he was protesting.

Deadly

The Cumberland County Council was demanding that his Milk Marketing Board should stop polluting the River Eden with poisonous effluent from the Board's cheese factory at Aspatria. Fish were being killed in a wholesale manner, farmers were claiming compensation for cleaning out their polluted watercourses and complaining about the harmful effects on their stock.

River pollution from dairy effluents is one of the commonest and most deadly of all forms of river poisoning. One of the Ministry's own authorities recently stated that the effluent from a dairy where milkcans are washed is three times more noxious than the ordinary mixture of domestic sewage and dirty water which runs from sewers.

Where whey is discharged from cheese factories the polluting power (because of milk product's absorption of oxygen from the river water) is about two hundred times greater than ordinary domestic sewage.

Such facts are, of course, well known to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, but apparently it has taken no steps to act upon that knowledge as far as its own activities are concerned.

It is typical of the tragic muddle which surrounds the control of our rivers that you get a Minister in his capacity of "protector of fisheries" plaintively protesting against the conduct of his own Department.

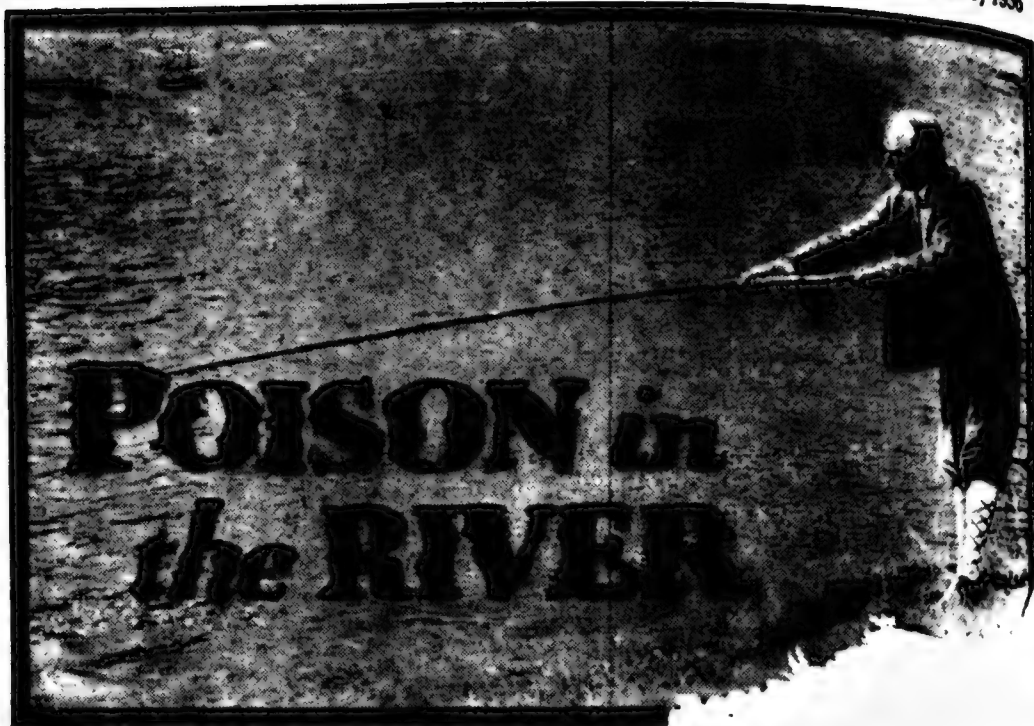
What is to be done to clean up our rivers?

The 12,500 working men's angling clubs' membership which, with others of the great Brotherhood of the Angler who are outside recognised clubs, represents over a million anglers, may well ask that question.

Complaints pour in

For the coarse fishing season they have been trooping down to river and stream and canal side to find—what? More and more of their favourite waters denuded of fish and hopelessly poisoned as far as fish life is concerned for years to come. In many places even the very weeds and plant life which have fringed the banks have been blighted and destroyed.

Roughly 75 per cent. of the inland waters of Britain are now officially admitted to be polluted, and complaints



Pollution has made many rivers unsafe for angling, the fish in scores of cases being seen floating dead on the surface—poisoned

from the angling clubs and societies bent on preserving the amenities of our rivers are pouring into Whitehall every day. Such famous rivers as the Tavy, Lune, Trent and Ouse are in a shocking state.

The Lune used to provide thousands of pounds' worth of fish every year to commercial fishermen. To-day, according to a statement made recently at a meeting of the Conservators, the local fishermen have been reduced to buying fish from the Fleetwood fishcarts.

The British salmon industry has been practically wiped out. Hundreds of fish have been seen floating dead on such rivers as the Mawddach and Wreake. The salmon have for the most part deserted the coasts. They will not go up these poisoned rivers to spawn. A warning was published recently that no fish caught in the Dee should be eaten.

But apart from the sportsmen's complaints, the claims of the ruined inland fishing industry, and the protests of tens of thousands of ordinary citizens who see their river stretches befouled and made a menace to health, there is another side to the question which is of national importance.

Chaotic administration

It has been pointed out by the waterworks associations that the consumption of water is rising enormously in this country while the supplies of underground waters on which they have always relied is steadily diminishing.

The huge housing schemes, where every house has a bathroom, and electrification are merely two of the factors which are bringing a scarcity about.

As an example, the Metropolitan Water Board supplies a total of 280 million gallons of water a day to the whole of London. Yet one electric super-power station may use as much as 480 million gallons a day.

The utilisation of the rivers is a necessity which is being forced nearer these authorities every day. But how use the rivers for a drinking supply when the waters are poisoned and polluted?

Prime cause of the present situation is the bewildering chaos of water administration.

Three separate Government departments share the first responsibility—the Ministry of Health (for water supply and sewage disposal), the Board of Trade (for navigation and factory interests), the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries (for land drainage, flood prevention, fisheries).

Under these departments is a veritable jungle of smaller authorities—water undertakings, catchment boards, fishery boards, navigation authorities, harbour authorities, anti-pollution authorities—most of them working against each other.

With the exception of only three districts in the whole of England there is absolutely no co-operation between any of them.

Because of all this muddle of authority,

it is almost impossible to prevent pollution of rivers or to bring offending factories to book under existing legislation.

There have been dozens of court actions recently where the factories have escaped scot free or with the most nominal of penalties.

There is one way only to clean up the rivers and that is the appointment of a central water authority with control over all rivers and watersheds. Every essential department of our national life—roads, health, housing, etc.—now has its central authority.

National duty

Our rivers, which are such a vital factor both economically and from the health and public amenities point of view, must be similarly controlled and backed with adequate legislation.

For the last sixty years seven Royal Commissions, two Select Committees and expert bodies without number have been suggesting the appointment of such a central board.

The Government has recently promised another Pollution Act, and hinted at the appointment of yet another committee of enquiry.

But we want no more Acts which have not an adequate authority to enforce them, and we want no more time- and money-wasting committees to consider a matter which has been decided upon for sixty years.

It is a national duty, incumbent on both the public and on Parliament, to see that a central body is created, charged with the responsibility for maintaining the purity of our water supply, and with the job of turning the condition of our rivers back into a condition fit for beasts, for fish, and men.

FYNNON SALT

Chemists not to blame for difficulty in obtaining

The proprietors of Fynnon Salt, the wonder remedy for rheumatism, wish to explain the recent difficulty in obtaining supplies from chemists. This has arisen from one cause alone—the overwhelming demand for Fynnon Salt which, for a time, completely overtaxed existing resources.

Chemists everywhere were "sold out." They sent orders for further supplies, followed up by telegrams and telephone calls, and did everything possible to satisfy their customers. But even with night and day work the laboratories found it impossible for a time to keep pace with the orders from chemists who were besieged by rheumatic sufferers clamouring for Fynnon Salt. The position has now improved, and almost every chemist is obtaining a regular, though limited, supply. If you are still unable to obtain Fynnon Salt, don't blame the chemist. He is doing all he can, as are the manufacturers, to make Fynnon Salt available on request. Keep on trying. Your chance of obtaining a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt is better now.

"Tell him to Get Gibbs!"



It's Super-Fatted!

Super-fating means:—

a richer and more creamy lather
a lather which remains moist
a quick lather in hot or cold water
your face left refreshed and cool

In addition Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream is surprisingly economical . . . so little goes so far. And it is delightfully perfumed.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY!

D & W GIBBS LTD
Cold Cream Soap Works,
London, E.1.

GIBBS SUPER FATTED SHAVING CREAM
GS44B

DIGESTION starts in the Mouth

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving Indigestion, Heartburn, Acidity and all stomach troubles.

IMPORTANT. Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears. They are as pleasant as sweets to take and will save you misery.

Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it.



MOORLAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists:

7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 1/3 airtight tins (110 tablets)

FREE

Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for packet (or hand-bag) sample tin to:

W. B. CARTWRIGHT Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

Sells



RAPIDLY

becoming

BALD

—now,
new hair

growing



Read Mr. Gardner's letter below—his photograph above shows what a fine head of hair Silvikrin has grown for him.

Dear Sirs,

"Following a severe fever, my hair had been falling out for the last three years—so badly that I was rapidly becoming bald.

"Now after about 2½ months of your treatment I am pleased to inform you that the hair has completely stopped falling out and a large amount of new hair is growing. There is not the slightest trace now of the baldness I feared so much."

S. C. GARDNER,
42 Greville Road, Warwick.

WHAT YOU NEED

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for Silvikrin Lotion.

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food.

Ask for Pure Silvikrin.

From chemists, hairdressers and stores.



The roots need feeding. How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is this that Silvikrin feeds.

Silvikrin
DOES GROW HAIR

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.



Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



**You can taste
the Fruit in
Rowntree's
Gums & Pastilles**

**2^D
TUBES**

**3^D
PKTS.**

**6^D
PKTS.**

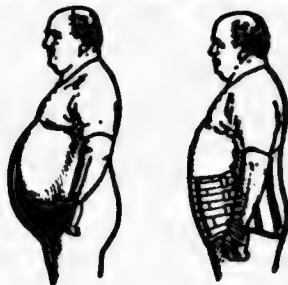
'SO GOOD BETWEEN SMOKES'

Also try 'JUICY-FRUIT'—soft—in packets at 6d. ½ lb.

Gerz 18

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE,
OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man
after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet
the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is
giving the maximum of comfort and support. A
common defect in belts for men is that the back is so
narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles,
increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from back-
ache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need
the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.
Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made
of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to
lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd.,
44, Britannia Road, Banbury,
Oxon, for Booklet,
and for name of nearest local
Corsetiers.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation
Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., J. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., L. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., B. Bristol 24801

ON the fringe of the City of London there is a vast building haunted by the ghosts of vain hopes, of broken romances, of desperate appeals and secret tragedies.

It is the Dead Letter Office, one of the strangest places in London. The interior of this building is like a cross-section of life: some trace of almost every human activity finds its way there sooner or later.

In the air perfumes from Bond Street mingle with the effluvia of Billingsgate. On the long tables silvery salmon lie side by side with motor head lamps, flimsy underclothing, oysters, tins of clotted cream and pots of cold cream.

Protruding from a thousand pigeon-holes are bundles of newspapers; in every language ever printed. In deep baskets are heaps of letters, love letters, bills, threats, appeals. None of these things will ever reach their destination.

More than forty million letters and parcels go astray in England every year. They pour into the Dead Letter Office at the rate of 120,000 a day. The annual loss to the public is well over a hundred thousand pounds.

What happens to these millions of dead letters? They are, for the most part, "cremated."

When a letter has been stamped "undeliverable" and sent up to the Dead Letter Office it is opened to see if the writer's address is on the notepaper, in which case the envelope is stuck down with an official seal and returned to the sender.

The work of opening letters and parcels is done only by men, for it is often dirty and unpleasant work. There is no object you can think of that has not been found in a postal packet.

If the notepaper bears no address it is passed on to the supervisor, who glances rapidly through the letter to see if it provides any clue to the sender's address or contains any address to which it can be sent c/o.

The only man allowed to read letters for this purpose is the supervisor.

ISTOOD beside him for a moment as he glanced swiftly through a pile. Most of them began with terms of endearment and were signed with pet names which left no clue even to the name, still less the address, of the sender.

One began: "Beloved, why have you not replied . . ." Another: "Dear



Patty

"Greatest of These"

In Despair

SIX - YEAR - OLD

Patty's father is in despair. "No one," he said, "would believe what we have gone through. We feel we cannot face another winter. I have a splendid little wife

who is suffering from her nerves. She fainted the other morning. I think it is for want of proper food. My two boys, aged ten and eight, get free meals at school, which keep them going. My wife and myself are not getting sufficient food to keep up our strength.

"I am an ex-Service man, and after demobilisation joined the Metropolitan Police for nine and a half years. I was compelled to resign through ill-health, which the chief surgeon said was due to my war service abroad, but I receive no pension.

"I have since had continuous runs of unemployment. For the last ten months my family has been trying to exist on an income of 15s. I would welcome employment of any kind.

"We have endeavoured to pay our debts by selling and pawning everything of value in our home, and we are now left with nothing."

Patty's dad has excellent testimonials and holds a public service vehicle licence. The vicar states that he is straightforward and deserving of any help.

Donations: earmarked "Patty" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Poultry, parcels, and letters . . . all come and go alike with workers in the Dead Letter Office.



post. The same penalty may be inflicted for posting petrol or rubber solution.

Few people are aware of these restrictions. But everyone knows you must not send cigarettes by book post or clothing disguised as a bundle of JOHN BULL. Yet thousands of people try. Apparently the ordinary law-abiding citizen will go to endless trouble to defraud the Post Office of a few coppers.

The supervisor showed me a row of pigeon-holes bulging with newspapers. He took two bundles at random. They were tied together. One was dated Tuesday, the other Thursday, and both bore the same address. Carefully concealed in each bundle was a man's sock, making a pair.

It is comparatively simple to feel something unusual inside a roll of papers, but sorters must have X-ray eyes or a sixth sense to see through the stiff cover of a book and know the book is a fake.

In the Dead Letter "library," as it is called, there are rows of books with the leaves hollowed out. I saw popular novels containing cigarettes, jewellery, medicines and suspicious looking phials. In a thick bunch of tailors' patterns with a hole cut in the middle. I saw a bottle of spirits.

THERE are several reasons why people attempt to send things in this way. One is with the idea of saving postage. More frequently it is to smuggle something through the Customs. Whatever the object in view, the articles are invariably confiscated.

All perishable goods are sold among the staff, or sent to the markets, and the price obtained is paid to the claimant. Large quantities of goods are, however, spoiled through the parcel coming undone in transit.

Many a disappointment would be saved if people tied their parcels securely and addressed them legibly. And many a headache would be avoided if they would only put their own address on the back of the envelope.

O. M.

DEAD LETTER

The G.P.O.'s Graveyard

Jim.—You must let me have. . . .
Another ended, pitifully: ". . . if you are not there I shall know it is all over."

Letter after letter passed from the supervisor's fingers into the deep basket at his side. He never gives a thought to the human threads he is breaking as he tears them across.

But it sent a shiver down my spine to think of all those heart-cries and despairing appeals that would never be answered, and the misunderstanding, the bitterness and sorrow that would result from the non-delivery of those letters.

It was like watching a tragedy without being able to utter the warning cry that would avert it. For most of the letters that would never reach their destination were passionate, urgent, vital documents on which much depended.

The very manner in which the envelopes were addressed betrayed the writer's state of mind; generally they bore a pet name, a term of endearment or the sender's signature instead of the name of the town.

When the supervisor fails to find any clue to the sender's address he passes the letter as dead, and it is taken away to be cremated in the huge furnace downstairs.

Only one thing can save a dead letter from swift destruction, that is if it contains an article of value, no matter how small.

A halfpenny stamp inside the envelope is enough to prolong the life of a dead letter for one month, giving the sender time to claim it. Anything estimated to be worth up to two shillings will ensure the letter being kept two months, and anything exceeding that value is kept four months.

QUITE a number of letters are saved from destruction on account of their contents, but a far greater number find their way into the Dead Letter Office in spite of being correctly addressed, just because of their contents.

It is hard to imagine why people should send a halfpenny packet of book matches through the post, but they do. And when the lynx-eyed sorter discovers it he sends the letter to the Dead Letter Office, the matches are confiscated, and a warning note dispatched to the sender or the addressee.

You are liable to six months' imprisonment for sending matches by



Beware of SUN- STARVATION!



Mrs. M. French writes:—

"I have been taking Phosferine and must say I have found it of great value. I was suffering from bloodlessness and general debility, and had tried all sorts of remedies without success, until a friend suggested Phosferine. I have felt a different woman since taking Phosferine, as I am picking up wonderfully and would not now be without it. I would certainly advise anyone who is feeling run down and in need of a tonic to try Phosferine, for I myself have had wonderful benefit from it."

24, Meiklewood Road, West Drumoyne, Glasgow, S.W.1

A sun-starved summer will increase the hazards of winter this year. The lack of sunshine has decreased the power of nerve resistance in your system to withstand the ailments which winter brings. PHOSFERINE is the one tonic which will make up for lost sunshine and immediately build up your nerve resistance to ill-health.

Don't let the weather depress you—take PHOSFERINE regularly and you will never feel "run-down."

Start to-day with

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for
DEPRESSION
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION

for
BRAIN-FAG
NEURALGIA
SLEEPLESSNESS

for
INFLUENZA
RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA

for
ANAEMIA
DEBILITY
NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

OGEE Old English Oils The IDEAL HAIR DRESSING FOR MEN & WOMEN

One of the few good things handed down from the past, for which no equal has ever been found as a means of imparting lustre and promoting luxuriant growth to hair and scalp. All kinds of hair troubles, itching, dandruff, and 9 o'clock bottles. 3 oz., 4 oz., and 8 oz. bottles. 1/-, 1/6, 1/3, 2/6, 5/6; Jamsie or Violet. From all Hairdressers, stores, etc.

O. G. & Co., Ltd. LONDON. W.1

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Small post—sold by Chemists everywhere.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Kean Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

FAIRHOLME A splendidly tailored good quality Wool Suiting of fancy check pattern with artificial silk Angora flecking. It is cut in t-button, double-breasted, semi-fitting style, with the newest crossover, cravat shape, 3-way collar in self material, large revers and elbow-puff sleeves. The facings are interlined with French canvas, which ensures the shape being retained permanently, and the large wrap-over prevents the garment from "dapping". Lined throughout with excellent quality Art. Silk Twill to tone. Shades: New Green, Nigger, & Navy. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Bust: 32 to 38 in. Price 37/6. Length: 46 to 50 in. Price 37/6. Terms: 4/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Gowns, Undresses, Frocks, etc., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self-measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



COMPLETE 9-PIECE BEDDING BALE ALL FOR 17/11

You Save 6/8 on the Outfit

- 2 Cotton Blankets .. Value 7/11
- 2 Cotton Twill Sheets Value 5/6
- 2 Pillow Cases... .. Value 1/6
- 1 Bolster Case .. Value 1/3
- 1 Jaspe Spread .. Value 3/6
- 1 Alhambra Quilt .. Value 4/11

OUR BARGAIN PRICE
17/11 instead of 24/7



Included in this Bargain Bale are just the things every woman uses daily—Sheets, Blankets, Pillow Cases, Quilt, Spread and Bolster. A handsome and sensible group for every bed... one that will please with long service as well as low price.

You save 6/8 by ordering complete outfit. Try our easy terms of 3/- a month; you'll never miss this small sum monthly, and will have it paid quickly. We make

No charge for easy terms!

Same price for Cash or Easy Terms. No discount for Cash—No charge for Terms. In fact, we prefer that you do not pay cash. We want you to know how easy it is to use our sensible credit system to buy home and personal needs. We believe that 4 months to 12 months are "sensible terms" for the average working man.

We guarantee our prices to be equal or lower than any cash prices in all England. That is our proof to you that we make No Charge for Easy Terms. As far as we can learn, we are the first and only concern in England to give "Easy Terms" at Cash Prices with No Charge for Credit.

Two sheets of fine-woven heavy and durable unbleached twill, in size 70 x 90 inches, select, strong cotton yarns to give many years of service. Two "Snowy White" hemstitched, bleached cotton pillow cases in size 19 x 30 inches.

One Bolster Case in same fine white bleached cotton, size 19 x 54 inches.

Two "Downy Nap" Cotton Blankets of soft, heavy, warm, quality yarns that will give many years' wear. Whipped ends, and size 66 x 86 inches.

One Quilt in a neat, delightful Floral pattern. It is also of real heavy quality to ensure long wear.

One Beautiful Bedspread in choice of five guaranteed fast colours. You may have it in Rose, Blue, Gold, Green or Helio, approximately 80 x 100 inches. A Spread with just a final touch of beauty to "make the bed."

Money back Guarantee

We take ALL the risk. We guarantee to please you, or cheerfully refund your first payment, plus return postage cost, if you are not highly pleased.

Be ready for cold weather with this neat, warm, and handsome outfit. At this bargain price, you'll want a set for each bed.

So order your trial set on approval to-day to prove the value; compare the price and examine before you buy.

Order Bedding Bale No. A.2V1000—9 pieces for 17/11 and 9d. postage.

PIN 3/ POSTAL ORDER TO THIS COUPON

Cut out and post!

To Marshall Ward, Limited,
Mare Street, London, E.8.

I enclose 3/- for the 9-piece Bargain Bedding Bale, No. A.2V1000, to be sent me on approval. If I return the Bale, you are to refund my 3/-, and also the cost of return charges. Otherwise, I will pay 3/- each month until your special price is paid.

Colour of Spread (Colour of quilt will match spread.)

Name { Husband.....
Wife

Address

Town

County

Occupation

This offer applies only to England, Scotland & Wales, (16), 3.10.36



MARSHALL WARD LTD.
MARE STREET, LONDON, E.8.

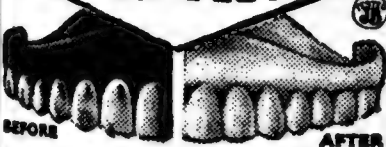
'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

they're blended better



THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

NEW FALSE TEETH FOR OLD!



Remarkable new cleanser that makes badly stained dentures like new. No brushing. No Acid

This new method of cleaning false teeth is revolutionary—100 per cent. efficient, and entirely harmless.

Just shake a little Steradent powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

Steradent cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. Steradent is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I think 'Steradent' is the best thing I have ever seen and shall certainly recommend it to my patients," writes a prominent dentist. "I consider 'Steradent' the finest cleanser of artificial teeth yet devised," writes another. Price 1/- Double 2/6. Sold by chemists.

WARNING! Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your plates beyond repair. The Dental Profession recommends Steradent as the finest preparation ever produced for harmlessly cleaning and purifying dentures. Take no risks—insist upon Steradent.

ASTHMA

Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65 year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes; permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it today but insist on the genuine.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

**HIMROD'S
CURE**

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

2/6 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plated, Raced or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 6/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Starkey - Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free, Ladies' Men's, Juveniles, & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models J. & B. GRAVES LTD, SHEFFIELD



MOST MEN SHAVED WITH THIS TO-DAY!



Palmolive Shaving Cream easily tops the bill for popularity—above all other shaving preparations! The reason is that out of the famous five points, every shaver finds his own pet preference. Here are the five points set out—you'll find yours among them!

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6d. AND 1/-

NEW "MYSTIFYING" FACE POWDER

Clings to the skin
like a needle to a
magnet

An amazing and entirely new idea in face powder. A powder with what scientists call 'Lectro-static affinity for the skin.' This means that the powder is attracted and held on the skin by a mysterious force similar to that with which a magnet holds a needle or a piece of steel.

Clings tighter—longer than any powder before known. Gives a lovely 'matt' complexion that remains the same all day long—and which the worst wind and rain cannot spoil. With Poudre Tokalon—the only powder with this 'lectro-static' secret—you can dance for hours in the hottest room and have a complexion as fresh as when you began. Poudre Tokalon enables you to say goodbye forever, to ugly skin.



shine. Try a box today—you will be delighted to see the fascinating girlish complexion it gives you. If not, your money refunded. 6d. and 1/- everywhere. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a deluxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 R), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



KIDNEY STRAIN

THROBBING BACKACHE and sharp twinges when you stoop warn you of kidney strain. So do rheumatic twinges, urinary disorders, disturbed nights and dizzy attacks. Relieve these troubles at their source by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. For fifty years this special kidney medicine has been overcoming rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and bladder weakness.

Hard to keep going

Mr. W. Hancocks, 102, Reynoldson Street, Hull, says:—"All the strength seemed to leave my back. The least movement brought on terrible rheumatic pains across the lower part. I could get no ease night or day. The kidney excretions were out of order.

"I was afraid I should have to give up, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills saved me from this. After I had been bad for months they rid me of kidney disorder. (Signed) W. Hancocks."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon



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LEAGUES
TO
CHOOSE
FROM

Send for the Famous
'CHALLENGER'
FIXED-PRICE
**FOOTBALL
LISTS**

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED



£10,000 to £1

FOR THE GREAT

**AUTUMN DOUBLE
CESAREWITCH &
CAMBRIDGESHIRE**

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than
the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired

Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

Please send particulars of your Service.
I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 3/10/36

Address

Town

County

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

I WAS master of a steam trawler. We lay-to in a violent gale. One of the crew was suddenly stricken with acute appendicitis. Could we but row him across to the mission ship an operation would save his life. To do so in such a sea, however, seemed sheer madness and would probably mean the loss of the whole boat's crew.

Our Letter Parliament

it touched water the wind dropped suddenly.

During the lull we were able to row our patient across.—A. H. W., Hants.

Love on the Dole

I am a wireless operator, and three weeks before my wedding I found myself for the first time on the dole.

We were madly in love. Would it be fair to the girl, after waiting so long, to risk marriage, or postpone it indefinitely?

I risked it. Three days before the wedding I was earning quite a good wage, not tapping a Morse key, but swinging a sledge—and, what's more, enjoying it!—C. C., Folkestone.

"Hullo, Daddy!"

Returning home one evening I saw my wee daughter, aged five, leaning from a bedroom window, waving to me.

Just as I reached the house she slipped further out, and was hanging precariously by her fingers from the window sill.

Could she hold on while I raced upstairs and pulled her in, or would she crash to the ground below while I did so? If I stayed there I might not be able to break her fall sufficiently to save her. It was the most awkward decision I have ever faced, made worse by the short time I had to make it.

Luckily I waited and caught her.—T. W., Bedford.

Call of the Sea

A furious gale raged around the tiny cottage where the grave-faced surgeon had given my son but a few hours to live.

Suddenly came the deep boom of a distress signal-rocket. A shipwreck. The lifeboat had to be manned and my expert knowledge of local sandbanks was essential to its safety. Should I leave the child and go?

It was a terrible decision to make, but the entreaties of my comrades finally prevailed, and when the mission of mercy was ended I was overjoyed to learn that my boy's life would, after all, be spared.—B. B., Breaksea Point.

Good Samaritan

Returning from a business trip one night the headlights of my car picked out a girl limping along the country road. I stopped, and, on being told that she had sprained an ankle, offered her a lift.

Inside my car she showed her true colours; demanded money or she would charge me with assault. It was an awkward situation, but I accelerated and made for the nearest town. I'm afraid I trembled when I called a policeman—until I heard him say to my passenger, "Hullo, Nell, still at the same old game?"—L. T., Southampton.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Avondale's Chance

SEVERAL enquiries have reached me about the JOHN BULL Cesarewitch selection, Avondale, as the eight-year-old mare appears to have done little racing.

This Irish-bred daughter of Yutol was meant for chasing, and last year actually started favourite for the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse.

In common with most Irish horses intended for a jumping career, Avondale did not commence to race until she was a five-year-old. Before coming to England about twelve months ago, she won two or three hurdle races; was also successful over fences and on the flat.

Despite her years, the mare is young so far as actual racing is concerned, and, if the going is soft on Cesarewitch day, I think she will win.

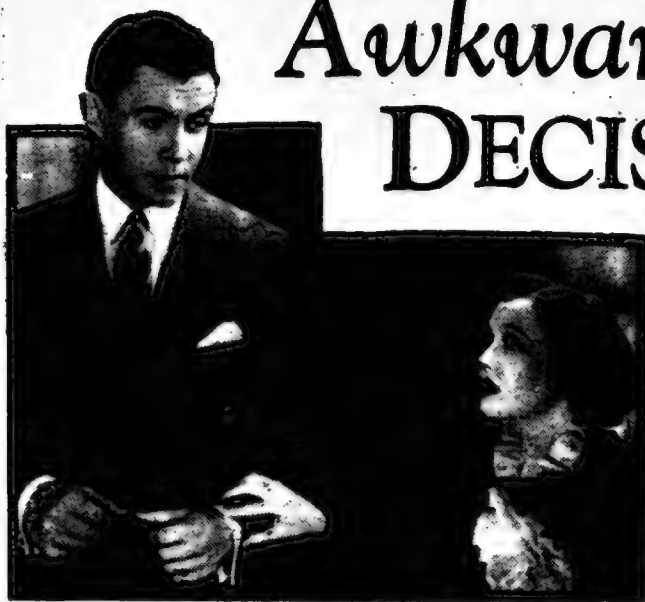
Can-Can and Achtung should win at Kempton Park this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, October 1, to Wednesday, October 7.
B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q 93
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

MY MOST Awkward DECISION



ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea is paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, October 6.

When my Reputation was at stake

Family First

Mother, always something of a saint, nevertheless liked her own way. By insisting that she would not live much longer, and that I must not leave her in her sixtieth year, she influenced me in deciding that my sweetheart should sail alone, leaving me in England.

For six years love letters crossed the ocean both ways. Then came the final one.

I do not blame him. I'm glad he has a good wife, and two charming daughters. Mother, now ninety, is in excellent health. But Cupid is not likely to waste another arrow on me, for I, too, am in the aere and yellow leaf.—"Aggie," East Midlands.

Lone Hand

For two years I had struggled with the "growing pains" of a small business. With each passing month turnover grew larger, but, with consequent expansion, my need for financial backing became more acute.

When things looked at their worst I was offered a good sum of money by a man I did not trust, in return for a partnership. Though harassed by creditors I finally made an awkward decision—and refused.

I won through without assistance, and that suggested partner is now in prison through shady financial dealings. My awkward decision turned out well.—"Employer," Birmingham.

Prison Secret

I was terrified that my engagement would be broken off if the man I was to marry heard that my brother had been to prison for fraud. If I told my fiancé I risked losing him and robbing my brother of the job he had obtained for him.

What should I do—keep the secret and marry, holding myself in constant dread of the truth leaking out, thus threatening the happiness of myself and my brother? Or tell the truth?

After months of sleepless nights I decided on the truth. I have never regretted it.—A. H., Plymouth.

Mother or Child?

I was called upon to decide whether my young wife or our unborn baby should be saved. The doctor assured me that it was impossible to save both.

My wife and I had been eagerly awaiting the event, but mercifully she was then unconscious and so could not influence the decision I made that the doctor should concentrate on saving her life.

Time has proved that my choice was a wise one. We are now the proud parents of three bonny children, but I pray that I may never again be asked to make such an awkward decision.—Pater, London, S.W.11.

Brothers

My younger brother and a friend were fooling about in a rowing boat while on holiday two years ago, when the boat capsized, and they were thrown into the water.

Both were non-swimmers, and as I was the only person present I was faced with the problem of deciding which life to save, for it was impossible to help both. I took a leap into the water, determined to assist my brother, and actually succeeded in helping him to safety. Exhausted, I turned to see what had hap-

pened to his companion, and to my joy discovered that he was clinging to the upturned boat. He had been rescued by a passer-by, to my everlasting relief!—"Medallist," Liverpool.

The Plunge

Throughout married life, my husband and I have been dogged by ill-luck. Illness and unemployment were but two of our enemies.

Just recovering from my last illness, my husband workless, and with a big doctor's fee to pay, I was faced with a grave problem.

Cooking was my only talent. How should I use it? I decided desperately to risk our few remaining pounds, and my own health, on a small business.

With home-made fare, hand-printed bills, and patience, I got a start, and have regained much health through sheer peace of mind.—"Home-made," Staffs.

Health First

For months my daughter studied hard, intent on matriculating. So much so that she lost her colour, became morose and could not eat or sleep well.

Her father and I also wished her to succeed, but I realised her health was vastly more important, so I took her away for a holiday until the examinations were over.

To-day she holds a good position without having matriculated, whereas many university-trained women lack suitable work. The best possible education is eminently desirable, but not at the expense of health.—M. A. R., Roker.

More Money

I felt that my pay envelope was not so well filled as it might be, and I decided to approach my employer with a view to obtaining an increase.

For several nights I practised my speech before the wardrobe mirror, and in these imaginary interviews my words were always framed in a vindictive ultimatum.

Never will I forget the actual meeting with my employer—the quivering limbs, the dry mouth, and the strangely squeaky voice. However, it all ended happily, for I was made deliciously happy by securing my first rise as an office-boy.—"Happy Memory," Glasgow.

**MORE and MORE
SMOKERS**



"I WAS A CARPENTER... UNTIL DIRT-BRED GERMS COST ME MY ARM"

This is the sort of thing which the dangers of dirt constantly lead to. It may happen in your home next week—to-morrow, if you are leaving yourself open to the dangers of infection from dirt-bred germs.

Only by doing away with all dirt can you be really safe. If you leave a scrap of dirt behind germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest cut or graze, and to attack a run-down system. Use a soap that takes dirt completely away—use Family Health Soap always.



TERRIBLE FACIAL ERUPTION

"I had a bad breaking-out on the right side of my face. It got worse, and I was compelled to stay indoors owing to its spreading round my chin. One night I washed my face and chin with Family Health and dabbed the affected part very carefully. Like magic, the irritation stopped."

Testimonial No. 20780

You owe to yourself and to everyone in your home to see that

"DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH
DIRT—DO WHAT THE DOCTOR
TOLD ME—GUARD
AGAINST DANGER
WITH FAMILY HEALTH"

washing with Family Health Soap becomes a habit.



2½ per
two tablet 5d
carton
also oversize
tablet 3d

WHERE THERE'S
DIRT THERE'S
DANGER

PROTECT YOUR HOME
AND YOURSELF WITH

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

FOH 28-172

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

"My hair was dry and brittle
and constantly falling."



New Hair Growth
by using
KOTALKO

King's Lynn.
"I had several bald patches and my hair was dry and brittle, and constantly falling. After using Kotalko for one month there was a wonderful improvement and soon new hair could be seen coming along on the bald spots. Now my hair looks as well as it ever did."

H. A. WARD.

Thousands of men and women have regrown the new hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stiffening dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggers, softening the hardened scalp, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the True Shampoo.

JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.,
1, Percy St. (S.E.1), London, W.1.
Please send me post paid, Testing
Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO
Soap with directions, for which I
enclose 1d in stamps.

Post Hair Books
with
KOTALKO.
Cleanse & Soften
Hair Follicles
with
KOTALKO
SOAP—the
True Shampoo.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

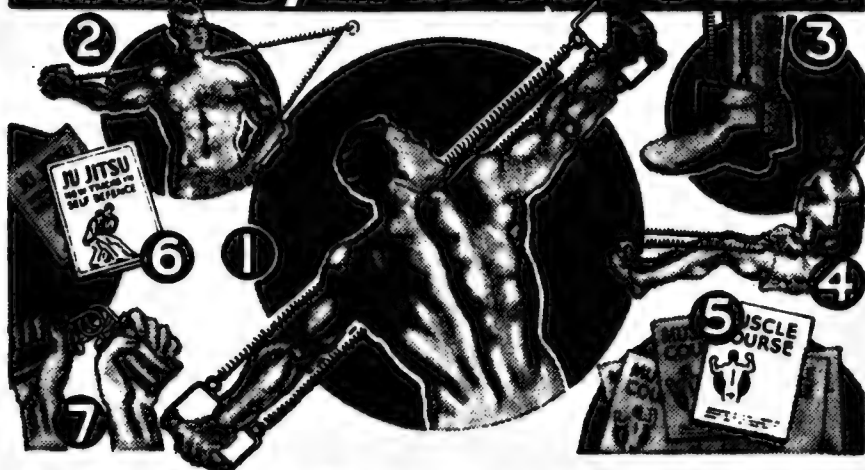
Unless a plate of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 28 plates of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

THIS FREE BOOK and Illustrated Brochure WILL SOLVE YOUR FURNISHING TROUBLES

A FREE copy of "You and Your Home," a wonderful Guide to Home Happiness, together with special illustrated brochure containing a wonderful selection of furniture all on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month is waiting to be sent to You! Don't miss this offer—Simply fill in and post the Coupon in the Drage announcement on p. 27.

GET STRONG Home Gym. in one Outfit



SPECIAL EXTRA-PRICE SMASHED!

HERE'S an opportunity for you to develop big muscles and obtain great strength by taking advantage of this astounding bargain.

NOW ONLY 15/- (or 1/- Deposit!)

for this famous £3 value. Complete home Gymnasium. Watch your muscles grow! Surprise your friends! Everything GUARANTEED. The big chest expander alone is worth more than you pay for the entire outfit.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

- 1 Three Strand Progressive Chest Expander.
- 2 Well Apparatus and Rowing Machine Attachment.
- 3 Foot or Hand Stirrups, for legs, thighs, stomach, shoulders or arms.
- 4 Complete Muscle-Building Course.
- 5 Book on Ju-Jitsu. Secrets of Self-Defence.
- 6 Two High-tensioned Grip Apparatus, builds powerful wrists and forearms.
- 7

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Let us send you this whole wonderful Muscle Building Outfit, Courses, etc., to try at our risk for only 15s. If you're not satisfied within 10 days, just return the course and your money will be refunded. We will send it on C.O.D. if you like—just pay the postman a few pence extra for postage, or pay by instalments of 1/- per week until 17/6 is paid in full.

SEND COUPON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

Gym. Supplies, Sales Dept., A14,
Broadway, London, W.4.

Dear Sirs,
I enclose 15/- (or 1/- as first payment) for your complete Muscle Building Outfit and Courses, and in accordance with your GUARANTEE, if I'm not satisfied you will refund my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

3/10/36

FREE! THIS AMAZING BOOK ON DRAWING



Become an ARTIST—Quickly

Let Brodie Mack Teach You at Home!

At last—you are able to learn all branches of the black-and-white art under the supervision of this famous artist. This amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home. If you have an inclination for drawing, Brodie Mack can develop your ability for this fascinating accomplishment. Thousands of pounds are paid every year for drawings for advertising, catalogues, pamphlets, books, comic strips, cartoons, etc. Successful artists are well paid—have the best of homes, have their own cars, and get the best out of life. Why remain a stick-in-the-mud? Get out of the rut now—this minute!

- WHAT THIS FREE BOOK TELLS YOU!
- 1 How to draw figures.
 - 2 How to become an artist.
 - 3 How to make money in your spare time.
 - 4 How to develop latent ability.
 - 5 How to Cartoon.
 - 6 How to Caricature.
 - 7 How to sell your work.
 - 8 How to illustrate for the papers.
 - 9 How to paint, sketch and draw.
- SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK—NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

Make Money in Your Spare Time!

Brodie Mack has made it possible by means of this remarkable course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of your reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist. This free book offer is limited—the moment the last book goes you will be too late—we sincerely advise you to post the coupon along NOW!

THE BRODIE MACK CORRESPONDENCE ART SCHOOL
(Desk A14), 8, Broadway, London, W.4.

DEAR SIR,—Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How to be an Artist."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

3/10/36

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?



ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.

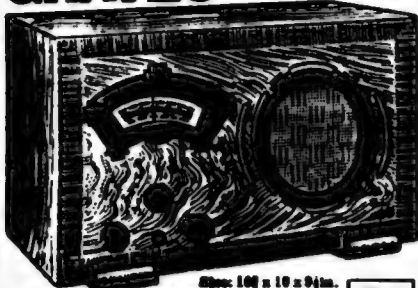


COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe—cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely!
Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 3.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis Radio Frequency coils with iron cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; variable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Batteries; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects, including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Guarantee valid. 24.17.6

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. W. T. F. of London, writes:—"I have heard some Battery Sets, but there is nothing to touch your Three-Valve Set. It is a wonderful set and I am proud of it."

Mr. R. O. W. of Liverpool, writes:—"I received the 3.3 Wireless Set on Monday and have found it up and to the splendid working order. I am very keen on music—especially on Time. I must use the tone of your Wireless Set to perfection—unobtainable."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

F. N. (Sutton).—"I bid half-a-crown for the grand piano." That would give the auctioneer a start.

FILM CARRIC (Fleet Street).—"The love-liest girls of all countries are to be found in Hollywood." The world's fair.

F. N. (Clapham).—"The weather doesn't agree with me." Do you write the forecasts?

DISGUSTED (Palmouth).—"Is there one national game that is above board?" Yes, draughts.

HIKER (Edinburgh).—"Shorts suit me down to the ground." In which case they aren't shorts.

AUNT (Burford).—"You can always tell the spoilt child." But he won't take any notice of you, as a rule.

ART LOVER (Chelsea).—"My wife bought an old masterpiece for a song." And you provided the notes?

FOOTBALLER (Sheffield).—"Can a goal-keeper be idealistic?" Well, he's got to stoop to some low-down things at times.

G. B. (London, S.).—"The council would do nothing, so every resident in the street turned out to repair the road." All hands to the bumps.

FARMER (Iver).—"Sheep are explorers by Nature." But only in the form of mutton do they reach the unknown interior.

PARK-KEEPER (Camberwell).—"Autumn leaves give us an enormous amount of work." Yes, we've heard some of your sweeping statements!

CONDUCTOR (Blackpool).—"The music some amateur composers send me is impossible to play." It simply beats the band.

DRAMATIST (Leeds).—"There is always something melancholy about a final performance." Especially if it takes place the night after the first.

PHRENOLOGIST (Birmingham).—"I'm all smiles when a mother brings twins to me." Two heads are better than one, of course.

G. B. (Oxford).—"Practically every person who can read and write has a novel in him." Fortunately for us most of them keep it there.

C. B. (Highbury).—"If football clubs are to keep the crowds they must insist on more science from the players." Things are coming to a pretty pass.

CROONER (Winchmore Hill).—"A song composer says that he writes a number in twenty minutes and thinks nothing of it." That's frank, anyway.

N. F. (Ryde).—"The wife of an inventor never gives her husband any credit for cleverness." She is too busy wondering where he really did go to!

S. K. (Dereham).—"The alarm-clock that I have invented is truly a revelation." You mean that it is an eye-opener?

DREAMER (Plymouth).—"During my studies I find some forms of marine life more interesting than others." Sponges, of course, being exceptionally absorbing.

TRAVELLER (Boston).—"In order to coerce me to give up my seat in a railway carriage an irate damsel actually stamped on my pet corn." Of course, you wouldn't stand for that.

W. H. (Leicester).—"Both dogs were greedy so I let them fight it out." They had a bone to pick with each other about a bone they did not wish to pick with each other.

JUNGLE TRAVELLER (Mayfair).—"I was struck with amazement on suddenly catching sight of a leopard's tail." You were rooted to the spot by something spotted to the root!

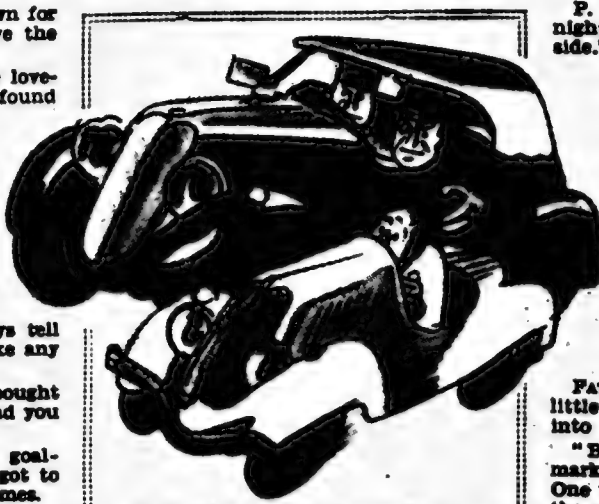
SIXTH FORM (Rugby).—"My pater, a business man, still wants to see my reports, but only because he pays my fees." He wants to see something for his money.

SPECULATOR (City).—"I made my money because a friend of mine got me in on a company he formed to build modern bungalows." You got in on the ground floor!

L. B. (Canterbury).—"I contend that to bring back the Ashes from Australia, it is of no use to send out over-cautious batsmen." You think they want some fire in their batting.

TELEPATHIST (Felpham).—"I am gradually improving my powers in telepathic communication and can generally tell what people think about me." As we write this we are sure you do not feel flattered.

A. D. (Enfield).—"Parachutes are always tested thoroughly to hold much more than the weight of an ordinary man." They have to be, it would not do for one to let one down while letting one down!



T. G. (Seaford).—"Overhauling a car can sometimes be very expensive." Particularly when the police do it.



"Hi! Cut out that stunt flying while I'm preparing lunch"
From "The Passing Show"

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

DOCTOR (Highgate).—"A strong-minded woman never suffers from indigestion." Nothing dares to disagree with her.

J. H. (Brixton).—"For nearly forty years I have been a fireman." Warmest congratulations.

L. O. (Lewes).—"How many hikers know how to preserve the amenities of the countryside?" Oh, a tidy few.

MISS G. (Plymouth).—"I see that the latest evening gown is made of glass." Which only goes to show.

F. N. (York).—"Several policemen were engaged in hunting the owl." For hooting after 11 p.m.?

D. B. (Birmingham).—"Big men get the best jobs." Small men are apt to be overlooked.

F. M. C. (Taunton).—"I know a J.P. who is a very early riser." Prisoners, however, are up before him.

PILOT (Addington).—"Airmen find great solace for their nervousness in smoking." They're quite at home among the clouds.

G. L. (Goole).—"In my opinion nothing could make a modern young miss turn pale." Soap and water might.

DAD (Canterbury).—"My son has developed tremendously since he has had to clear the paths on the estate." His weediness has vanished as well.

MANUFACTURER (E.C.).—"When superior cigarettes are put on the market, others equally as good soon follow." They very quickly meet their match, eh?

HORTICULTURE (Wye).—"In my talk, I told them how to get the best out of every square inch of their allotments." You covered the ground thoroughly.

P. N. (Lynton).—"For nearly a fortnight I kept a silent watch by the bedside." Why didn't you wind it up?

H. M. (Ely).—"A trombone player needs goods lungs." And a long reach.

PSYCHOLOGIST (London, W.).—"What makes golfers back-tampered?" Golf.

R. W. (Brighton).—"I think the law is very elastic." If broken it means a stretch.

STUNNER (Bower Park).—"In my humble opinion the world is decaying." Don't talk rot.

ACTRESS (London).—"In matters of perfumery Paris leads the world." By the nose.

FATHER (Wokingham).—"Finally the little scamp confessed to letting the cat into the pantry." He admitted it, then.

"BULL'S EYE" (Aldershot).—"Rifle marksmen are generally excellent cooks." One would expect them to be at home on the range.

MATE (Harlow).—"I was very angry when my little boy upset a large tin of stove polish." You failed to see the bright side of it.

R. V. (Sheffield).—"Although the umbrella when returned was in ribbons I was glad to have it back." To recover it?

B. G. (Newark).—"To place my bet in time, I had to jump out of bed, dress and run all the way to the post-office." To put something on.

HUSBAND (Chelsea).—"I think that expensive hats for women ought to be taxed." But that would only add to our overhead expenses.

M. A. (Hornchurch).—"The branches of the overhanging tree keep breaking off and smashing the glass in my frame." That must be rotten.

F. M. (Bath).—"A scientist says that the shape of the nose is caused by climatic conditions." Not always. It may be due to the door of an Underground carriage closing on the only portion of the passenger that managed to get in.

FARMER (Norfolk).—"I employed six clerks from the towns as part of my 'back to the land' scheme, and found them lying in the field when they thought I was not about." They also believed in your "back to the land" idea?

J. S. S. (Crewe).—"I've never once got anything through entering for a competition." Then pages 46 and 47 will interest you, for every competitor is offered a Free Birthday Gift: with a Giant First to be won and 14,622 other prizes, this is your finest opportunity yet.

K. M. (Leeds).—"Women will fight in the next war." It behoves us all to work for peace and avoid the horrors of a conflict in which a man may find that his regimental sergeant-major is his mother-in-law in private life.

UNCLE (Helston).—"If there were two pieces of cake in your pantry when your small nephew went in and only one when he came out, what would you deduce?" That it was dark and he didn't see the other one.

RADIO (Mitcham).—"Before anybody can hope to get good reproduction from a modern all-electric wireless set, there is one important point to remember." That, of course, is the one to which it is connected.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Later a man accompanied two plain officers to the police station."

LOWESTOFT JOURNAL:—"Included in the special exhibition of British fishing coats which is being held..."

SOUTH WALES VOICE:—"In this film, Miss Harlow has forsaken her platinum blonde dresses for brunette hair."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Messrs. submitted an application for a vacant yard, which they proposed to use as a parking place."

LANGPORT HERALD:—"The building has been found to be in a sad state of decay through the prevalence of dry rot in the wood work."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"... another depressing West of Ireland is moving rapidly."

LEIGH-ON-SEA NEWS:—"A telephone kiosk with full local and drunk facilities."

STOP PAIN AFTER EATING



NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

All Sufferers should obtain Mr. Shadforth's Booklet on "Indigestion" (No. J.B. 314). Price 2d. post free. Ask for "White Lions."

A Trial will convince you and make your mealtime happier! Price 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions

POSITIVELY—The Finest Remedy for Indigestion

Below are examples of Shadforth's Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

BANISH LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE
PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000). Prices 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 2/- (300 pills).
Booklet (J.B. 222) price 2d. post free.

REMOVE CORNS

WASH the feet well with hot water every night using Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940—costs 1/-). Dry the feet and come well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve (No. 951)—costs 7d.
The Shadforth Booklet on "Corns," J.B. 297 price 2d. post free.

BRIGHT EYES—Lovely Complexions

THE SHADFORTH BEAUTY COURSE
COMPRISES a special medicated Sulphur Soap, a Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing, and the "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in tablet form. This constitutes the world's best triplex beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes Acne or Blackheads, Pimples, Redness, Blemishes, and Sallow Complexion. The Beauty Parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 442/T). Prices 2/6 and 6/-.
Shadforth Beauty Pamphlet (J.B. 322) price 2d. post free.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

KEPT CLEAN
with Shadforth Special Teeth Powder, prepared specially for that purpose. Recommended by Dental Specialists. (Prescription No. 994), at 1/1.
The Shadforth Booklet relating to the subject (J.B. 276) free on request.

False Teeth Hold Fast

all day long when you sprinkle on Shadforth's Dental Plate Powder (Prescription No. 994A)—they fit snugly—comfortably—they cannot slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists. Price 6d. and 2/- per box.

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning. Tasteless with your Tea. For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joke de Vivre.
Prices post free in air-tight canisters, 3d., 6d., and 1/-.

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN



WHEN the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets. They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS. There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

Equally Good for Men, and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets (Prescription 470). Prices: 1/6 (25), 2/3 (50), 8/- (100).
Write for the Special Number of "Health News," dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. J.B. 323) price 2d. post free.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.
Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 626 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 626. Prices: 1/- (25), 1/6 (50) 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.
The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320) price 2d. post free.

HAMORRHOIDS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Hemorrhoids, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hemorrhoids any longer? Ask for Shadforth Complete Four-fold Treatment No. 694/DD. Price 7/6.
Prescription Booklet No. J.B. 325 price 2d. post free.

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG

Lower your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. Get it now. Prescription No. 11672. Prices: 2/6 and 8/6.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B. 342) price 2d. post free.

ADENOIDS Enlarged Tonsils



OPERATION UNNECESSARY

YOU CAN CURE YOUR CHILD without the surgeon's knife or the loss of one drop of blood by means of the "SHADFORTH" KNIFELESS TREATMENT FOR ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS. This most successful treatment has been drawn up by a distinguished doctor, and it can be carried out easily at home, and in any part of the world. It is claimed to be one of the most recent advances of medical treatment; it has saved hundreds of operations, and costs only 7/6, with full directions. Ask for the "Shadforth" Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 831/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal Obstruction in Adults are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Adenoids" (No. J.B. 288) price 2d. post free.

A WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2437—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).
The Shadforth Booklet for Women (No. J.B. 176) price 2d. post free.

STOP KIDNEY TROUBLE

WHY THOSE DISTURBED NIGHTS!

It must not go on. Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. And during the day—while you are employed—this soothing work will proceed. Until you have tried "Shadforthers" you may be enduring endless suffering and misery—mental as well as physical. "Shadforthers" will help you. And there is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing "Shadforthers"—for many years known as Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. Prescription No. 285—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Ask for "Shadforthers." Prices 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).
The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B. 326) price 2d. post free.

SCIATICA, NEURITIS

PAINFUL NERVE-SHEATH INFLAMMATION

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadphos" Compound, the new pain-killer (No. 263). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices 6d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).
In exceptionally painful cases use a Neuritis Cachet (No. 622A). Prices 3/- (6) and 5/6 (12).
The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B. 236) price 2d. post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 P.C. PURITY. 100 P.C. VITALITY.

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1262). Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 12/-.

KILL YOUR COLD NOW



with the Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment, Prescription No. 831/T. Prices 2/6 and 6/6. Let it do for YOU what it has done for others who are now quite well.

Special Book on Catarrh (No. J.B. 321) price 2d. post free.

All Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable from your nearest chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Hiles and Taylors, Ltd., or privately packed and post free at these prices from:

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd., Dispensing Chemists
(Dept. J.B. 103), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4 and Branches

JOIN JOHN BULL'S 24 CROSSWORD PENSIONERS

SHE WON
A PENSION

For a puzzle she entered in March 1935, 1936, she has been awarded a Pension of £500 for life.

30! WEEKLY

FOR LIFE

and £500

USE SQUARES BELOW TO WIN YOUR HUGE PENSION plus FORTUNE PRIZE OR LUMP SUM OF £800 CASH

MAGNIFICENT
BONUS
AWARD OF FERRANTI
ALL-MAINS ALL-WAVE
RADIO



VALUE
£9.9s

£100
BETWEEN
RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE
AWARDS

PRESENTED on this page is the thirty-sixth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Apiness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lacones Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 22, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copy machine or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to (Messrs. Press Ltd.) and cross it / & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number of the Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, October 9.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided that the total from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" of other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 22. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 27, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing (1) Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 36. Closing FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1936.



J.B.36

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 36. Closing FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1936.



J.B.36

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY
FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. value..... No.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 36. Closing FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1936.



J.B.36

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 36. Closing FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1936.



J.B.36

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY
FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. value..... No.....

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name

Address

FREE!

AFFIX

1d.

STAMP

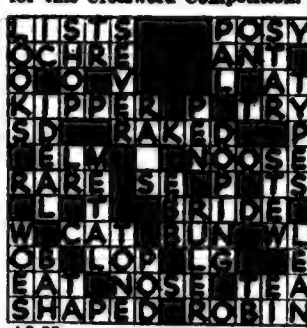
HERE

AFFIX

1d.

STAMP

HERE



J.B.33

X-WORD No. 33.
RESULT ON PAGE 48.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above. One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who gave the words RAMS or RAYS were regarded as having submitted Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 23 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the Coupon given below.

CLUES ACROSS

1. He pays your wages
2. Makes driving difficult for average motorist
3. Opposite to inner
4. Small snake in aspic
5. Make a speech
6. Dreams are sometimes this
7. Cinema may find business good when it is this
8. You may get support from this
9. Both ends of ditch
10. Inquiries are often made into the character of
11. Common to salt and sauce
12. Kiwi without head or tail
13. Stir up
14. Streets of London are said to be this with gold
15. Make fast
16. Total in paddock
17. Chums
18. Fete always starts thus
19. In the middle of Soho
20. Kinds fire in Ireland
21. Takes leading part in play
22. You write with this
23. Usually follows boxer's knock-out
24. His money is seldom wasted

CLUES DOWN

1. Use of leather makes it last a long time
2. Last three quarters of hour
3. When case is this, legal accuracy is always advisable
4. Your Crossword Radio will be one
5. For this you need something long, pointed and metallic
6. Put to some purpose in house
7. Mechanic attends to these when overhauling type-writer
8. Tenants pay this
9. Drought may leave farmer short of this
10. Use of this often means one gets needle
11. Bird that haunts Crosswords
12. Whistle is generally heard in rough seas
13. Cloth is sometimes torn by this
14. Separate article
15. Will fasten down an envelope
16. Curious and not even
17. The smaller this is the easier it is to fix up
18. It may be bad for this to leave it outdoors at night
19. Direct attention to
20. Small mark made in writing
21. It's often hard to get a net to do this
22. First half of hammer
23. Part of metal in bottle
24. Starts coughing in water
25. How riddle begins
26. Page with no cover

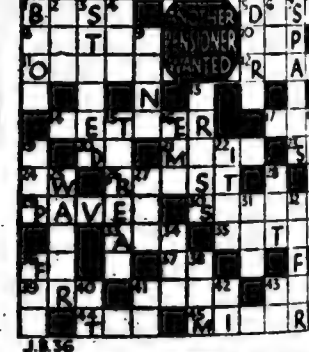
COPY
SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO
CLAIMS
REQUIRED



J.B.36



J.B.36



J.B.36



J.B.36

ADDRESS ENTRY
CROSSWORD NO. 36.
"JOHN BULL," ST. LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

12 BIG CHEQUES & LUXURY RADIOS WON IN X-WORD No. 33

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 33, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 44) were the following twelve competitors:

- A. E. Brock, 77, Broughton Road, Thornton Heath.
- G. J. Cox, Portway Avenue, Wells, Som.
- R. Eaton, Dunedin, Stretford Road, Urmston, Manchester.
- T. O. Evans, 33, Penryn Road, Cardiff.
- Mrs. N. Forrest, 45, Balilys Causeway, Hamilton, N.B.
- M. E. Parker, The Cottage, Worin Road, Shenfield, Essex.
- E. M. Shaw, 49, Lupus Street, London, S.W.
- H. Thorn, 187, Goodhart Way, West Wickham, Kent.
- G. White, 14, Singleton Road, Splott, Cardiff.
- Miss E. Wood, Borough Hospital, Deane, Bolton.
- Mrs. M. Woodward, 136, Coudon Road, Caterham, Surrey.
- H. Yates, 155, Alderson Road, Great Yarmouth.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £800 First Prize, and a cheque for £66 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Each of these Prizes will be accompanied by a luxurious £9 os. All-wave "Ferranti" Radio.

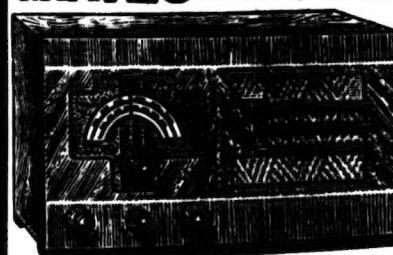
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, October 6, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 173 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 11s. 7d. for each such Square. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award of each of 1,045 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

CORRECTION: A paragraph in last week's issue referring to Crossword No. 30 stated that Bonus payments of £3 6s. 8d. had been despatched to thirty-one competitors. This sum should have read £3 4s. 7d.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size 18 x 10 x 9 1/2 in.
GRAVES 'V3' ALL-MAINS SET marks the biggest advance yet made in popular-price Radio. Never before has such a magnificent All Mains Receiver been offered at such a Bargain Price on terms so transparently fair. Graves Value is unequalled, and there is no better protection than the Graves Guarantee. If you have electric light, The Graves 'V3' Receiver is the Set you should buy, for it is supreme in Quality, Value & Performance, and costs little to run.

RADIO'S BIGGEST BARGAIN built up entirely of British components of warranted excellence and reliability, including iron-cored Multi-wave coils, the cores being of a new pattern and of economical efficiency. The Moving Coil Loud Speaker has a vital magnet and a new type of non-ferrous chassis; the valves are: Two High Frequency Pentodes; One High Power Output Pentode; and One robust Rectifier—all of latest pattern British make. The Cabinet, as illustrated, has a Walnut veneer front with figured centre panel, beautifully grained chrome-plated and neat sycamore inlays. The Equipment is complete in every way, including Mains Cord and dual connector for wall plug or lamp holder; and either Inside or Outside Aerial according to your wishes. There is nothing else to buy, the whole outfit is ready to go.

packed and sent Carriage Paid. Price £7:12:0
Terms 8/- Monthly.

MOST IMPORTANT!—Nothing is added to the price for any payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay. Write for CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HAVE YOU A DOG?

A complete beef dog food, "RED HEART," can be obtained in three flavours, each of which will give him the right scientifically balanced diet necessary for his health, stamina and energy. If difficulty in obtaining "Red Heart" Dog Food, write, mentioning "John Bull," to the address given in the announcement on page 22.

WASH-DAY TRAGEDY



MR. JOHN BARNETT, of 396, West End Road, Haydock, Lancs, was standing at the front gate of his house. Suddenly he heard a scream. Running through the house he found his wife in the back yard with her clothes in flames. Despite his prompt action and subsequent medical attention, Mrs. Barnett died from the terrible burns she received.

At the inquest the cause of the tragedy was revealed. Mrs. Barnett had been washing clothes when a flame darted through the door of her boiler and caught her dress.

As Mrs. Barnett was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to the accident benefits provided, JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard your precious possessions against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and is the only paper to pay SICKNESS Benefit.

JOHN BULL PAYS

Last week alone JOHN BULL distributed no less than £731 10s. 7d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£176 10 7
Accident Benefits—Adults	£249 0 0
Accident Benefits—Children's	£306 0 0

If you have not yet registered fill up the forms below right away.

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address

Signature.....

Address

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3/10/36

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.22.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature..... Age.....

Address

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Date.....

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/10/36

Help Kidneys Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). £1.000 deposited with Westminster Bank. London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, write to-day to Colman and Co., Ltd., Dept. AD 12, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and enclose 43d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc. A generous sample bottle of Wincarnis will be sent to you, FREE. Commence taking Wincarnis now and get back your old vigour quickly and surely. Start the first step by accepting this free trial offer—Now. Please write clearly giving name and full postal address in block letters!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

Another J.D. WILLIAMS AUTUMN STYLE



Chosen from our magnificent selection of the latest and most popular autumn styles. This Coat is an outstanding example of what J. D. Williams warehouse prices can save you.

The "CRUISER" 2/-

Splendidly made in ALL-WOOL CURLY NAP CLOTH

Its amazing value! Not another house in the Kingdom could produce one better at the price. Tailored on superb lines, soft to handle, closely cupped quality, infinitely cosy and lined with Art. Silk. It is more like 10/- worth than 2/-!

Clear Mid Navy-Blue.

Sizes:

S.W. Bust 34 inches. Lengths 44 or 47 inches. Woms. Bust 36 inches. Lengths 47 or 50 inches. Please state size when ordering.

Please fill in coupon below for Cash. Catalogue or pattern.

You must see this LARGE FASHION ALBUM



PLEASE SEND ME FREE YOUR FASHION ALBUM & PATTS. (This Coupon may be sent in unsealed envelope 3d. post)

TO ORDER PLEASE ENCLOSE POSTAL ORDER AND STATE "Please send me "CRUISER"

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO. LTD
Dept. 68, The Dale St. Warehouse MANCHESTER

WEAK & RUN DOWN



Nurse E. Ward, S.R.M., 27, The Avenue, Newtown, Cudworth, says: "After an operation about four months ago, I felt awfully weak and run-down. I tried several tonics but did not regain strength. I was advised to try Vitadatio, and after the first bottle began to benefit. I continued the medicine for a month with wonderful results. I feel better now than for a year, and owe it to Vitadatio, which I shall recommend I think it unequalled."

What Vitadatio has done for Nurse Ward it will do for you!

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS
Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, and in many Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Timothy White and Taylors Ltd., most Chemists and Stores. 5/- and 5/- per bottle or per post, 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export only (3 weeks supply), from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS

★ FREE OFFER

A GENEROUS free sample of Elasto; the new Biological Remedy, is offered to all readers suffering from Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, Rheumatism and other painful Leg Troubles. This will be sent, post free, together with an interesting booklet which fully explains how Elasto treats these distressing ailments through the blood. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover now, while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!

Turn to the Back Cover—Now.

JOHN BULL
ANNOUNCESBULLETS' RECORD 24TH BIRTHDAY OFFERWIN THIS
MONSTER 1ST PRIZE**£3,000****CASH and SECURITY PENSION**
£2 WEEKLY
COMMENCING
AT AGE 60

The £3,000 winner, on reaching age 60, will be invited to choose a Security Pension of £2 Weekly for life, or huge further payment of £1,250 cash. In event of winner not living to age 60, the £1,250 payment will be made by "John Bull" to winner's nominated beneficiary.

CLOSING
SAT. OCT.
17STAGGERING FORTUNE &
UNIQUE PENSION for
2, 3 OR 4 WORDS

£200	£100	£75	£50
£40	£30	£25	£20
£18	£17	£16	£15
£14.10	£14	£13.10	£13
£12	£11.10	£11	£10.10
£10	£9.10	£9	£8.10

HOW TO WIN

There is nothing to prevent you capturing a big *Bullets* Birthday Cheque—or even that colossal Fortune-plus-Security Pension First—provided you tackle your fascinating job with care and common-sense.

Material on which to build your *Bullets* is all around you, but your simplest plan is to let the *Examples* themselves suggest ideas. With pencil and paper handy, consider the possibilities of each *Example* provided on this page and write down, say, six that appeal to you particularly.

Next jot down opposite each of your selected *Examples* all the rough ideas it suggests to your mind. Never mind how crude these first notes may seem; they will serve as fine raw material on which to build your finished efforts.

Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to condense and improve these rough ideas into polished *Bullets*.

For instance, against the *Example*, Buy A Poppy And, your first thought might be, *Remember Price Fallen Heroes Paid*. This idea you could easily reproduce in the typical *Bullet*, Buy A Poppy And—Pay Price—Ungrudgingly, Too!

Before starting on your own efforts, you will be wise to study the good points of the successful *Bullets* in our 1,044th Contest, the result of which appears below.

Once you have appreciated the merit of these winning efforts, you will be well on the way to making up a prize *Bullet* of your own. Then start your attack on this mighty prize-list without delay, for your entry must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, October 17.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words
to any "Example"

IF PARLIAMENT WERE UP-TO-DATE
ON GENEVA'S CHESSBOARD
COMMON ENEMY
IN BRITAIN'S WAY
WORLD WE WANT
WEATHERING THE STORM
WHEN MEN ARE BROTHERS
BUY A POPPY AND
PROFESSOR BALDWIN
TOWARDS THE LIGHT
UP WENT A ROCKET AND
WHEN HE'S GONE
ENOUGH FOR A MAN
HAVING IT OUT
SHE'S A PEACH, SO
WHAT WE BELIEVE
GETTING BEHIND
TO HELP THE CHILDREN
IN THE CLASSROOM
AUNTIE'S GOT MONEY, BUT
QUESTIONS
DEARER
REVERSES
BRAVERY
DIPLOMACY
SPOILS
LUCKILY
LIMPING

DIRTY GAME
WITH A YELL
OUR MONGREL
FEELING BITTER
"HAVE A HEART!"
GRUNDY AND DORA
HORRORS OF WAR
WHAT THE REFEREE SAID
ON THE OTHER SIDE
FATHER'S RADIO
PLOTING AND PLANNING
HER METHODS
WHEN SHE'S NOT LOOKING
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT
IT'S HARD WORK, BUT
CLEVER GUY
CAUSED A RIOT
AT OUR VILLAGE BONFIRE
CLEARED THE AIR
TAKING HIS MEDICINE

GREAT DAY IN "BULLETS" HISTORY

It is 24 years since the first of our *Bullets* Contests was launched with a modest £100 First Prize. Through peace and war, good times and bad, *Bullets* have gone from strength to strength and, by the end of 1936, prizes exceeding the staggering total of £100,000 will have been distributed in this single year! To-day another milestone is reached, and here in these pages JOHN BULL marks the occasion of *Bullets* 24th Birthday with a colossal Celebration Offer in which the First Prize-winner will win both riches for the present and security for the future.

Imagine the scene in your home on Friday, October 30, if you enter the best *Bullet* received in this Contest. A golden Joy Wire arrives for you. Your hands tremble as you read its astonishing news. You have won the giant 2-in-1 First Prize of £3,000 cash with a "Security Pension" and all your troubles are over.

This gigantic Fortune-plus-Security First is supported by a grand array of 123 fine Birthday Cheques. And, if you capture one of this Contest's 124 principal prizes, you will also receive one of JOHN BULL's famous Hampers at Christmas, provided you have entered four or more coupons as instructed.

Finally, to make this the finest Competition opportunity ever known, EVERY ENTRANT who applies as directed will be presented with a unique and useful BIRTHDAY GIFT. Each competitor, moreover, who secures one of these Celebration Presents will also become entitled to benefit by a novel offer of a Bonus value over £10 10s.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,044.

First Prize, £500, plus £10 10s. Radio:
Mrs. E. QUAYLE, 17, Head Road, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Example: MY WORLD
Bullet: THREATENED BY "MY COUNTRY!"

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

A. ALEXANDER, 400, Northenden Road, Sale, Cheshire.

Example: Brave As A Lion
Bullet: Sonny, "Nightlight's For Teddy."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

S. CHUDLEIGH, 89, Kent Road, Swindon.

Example: Regular Job
Bullet: Monotonous—"All The Same—"

OTHER PRIZES:

220: F. JENNINGS, 6, Chatswood Avenue, Stockport.
When She Looks Like That—Hard Not To Crack!

215: J. L. DOVE, "Woodlands," Shirrell Heath, Southampton.
In History's Pageant—Of "Conquerors," Microbe Leads.

210: E. NATTRASS, 11, Bethany Gardens, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.
Britannia's Umbrella—Because Grandfathers Didn't "Shelter."

205: W. J. HALL, 54, Mundella Road, Nottingham.
My World—"Fairy" Runs—"Imps" Over-run.

200: W. THOMSON, 24, Kirkland Road, Methil, Fife.
In The Laboratory—Friendly Bark—Agonising Howls.

27: J. McCURE, 32, Beechmount Avenue, Belfast.
Tragedy Of Unemployment—Gassed Ex-soldier "Finished Job."

26: J. E. MYERS, 8, Duncan Avenue, Westbourne, Otley, Yorks.
My World—Room—World "Hasn't Room."

3 OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. P. BROWN, 6, Lyon Park Avenue, Wembley.
Tragedy Of Unemployment—"Play" That's Unending Unhappily.

F. CUCKOW, 415, Canterbury Street, Gillingham, Kent.
Presching—Dad Saves Himself By.

H. J. DINOLE, 8, Falcon Villas, Charlbury, Oxford.
Seeing The Sights—Bored Sonny, After Escalator!

3 OF £4 EACH:

E. J. PARKER, 45, Pepps Road, New Cross, S.E.
Now He Can Talk—Sonny's "Flashes" Bring Flashes.

P. J. REESE, 141, Hatherley Gardens, East Ham.
Adrift—Two, Who Refused "Paddling."

G. TAYLOR, 1, Jackmans Place, Waltham.
Ruined The Wedding—Bride's Father!

3 OF £3 EACH:

W. GRANT, 110, Ewhurst Road, Brockley, S.E.
Everybody Stared When—Sonny Patented His "Rubbish."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. OXFORD, 41a, High Street, West Wickham, Kent.
Office Clock—Dozes Too, I Believe!

M. TUNLEY, 106, Hampton Road, Southport.
Tragedy Of Unemployment—Youth Considering Employment Tragedy.

6 OF £2 10s. EACH:

F. ATKIN, 31, Brassington Road, Manchester.
Tragedy Of Unemployment—Lost Scholarship Sonny Won.

H. FEW, 34a, Cornwall Road, Tottenham, N.
Gambler Hitler—Can't Stop Because Bankrupt!

A. JENKINS, 1, Hall Road, Chadwell Heath.
Food For All—And Over—And Overboard!

H. L. SAWYER, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath.
In The Laboratory—Germany Manufacturing Colonies Next?

L. WRIGHT, 68, Riversdale Grove, Edinburgh.
Office Clock—Morning "Accuser"—Afternoon, Accused.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. A. WALKER, Stone Cottages, Marchwiel, Wrexham.
Food For All—Paddists, Centemarian Eating Anything.

Each of the above winners will also receive a £10 10s. Radio Set, as well as 20 of £1. A list of these, together with 20 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for the best *Bullet* in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall be given careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed with the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull & Co., Ltd. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons not so noted will not be considered.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding in all respects and acceptance of the rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are ineligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for 25s. and 10s. respectively will be paid to the agents from whom the chief winners' "Bullets" No. 1,044 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,044 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. G. Laidlaw, 62, High Road, South Tottenham, N.



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£50

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£15

£12.10

£10

4 Words
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with **PRIZES VALUE OVER £5,000** and

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FURTHER
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BIRTHDAY
CHEQUES

£9.15	£9.10	£9.5	£9	£8.15	£8.10	£8.5	£8	£7.15	£7.10
£7.5	£7	£6.15	£6.10	£6.5	£6	£5.15	£5.10	£5.5	£5
99s.	98s.	97s.	96s.	95s.	94s.	93s.	92s.	91s.	90s.
89s.	88s.	87s.	86s.	85s.	84s.	83s.	82s.	81s.	80s.
79s.	78s.	77s.	76s.	75s.	74s.	73s.	72s.	71s.	70s.
69s.	68s.	67s.	66s.	65s.	64s.	63s.	62s.	61s.	60s.
59s.	58s.	57s.	56s.	55s.	54s.	53s.	52s.	51s.	50s.
49s.	48s.	47s.	46s.	45s.	44s.	43s.	42s.	41s.	40s.
39s.	38s.	37s.	36s.	35s.	34s.	33s.	32s.	31s.	30s.
29s.	28s.	27s.	26s.	25s.	24s.	23s.	22s.	21s.	20s.

500 & 25 - 4000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" 10,000 "STAR TARGETS"

**WHO WANTS A BIG
HAMPER FOR XMAS?**

Enter FOUR or more coupons (i.e. 8 or more
Bullets) for "Bullets" Birthday Offer in same
envelope and to any prize of £1 or over "John
Bull" will add, for arrival just before December
25, a Giant Christmas Hamper. (Keep record of
entries you send, in order to establish your right
to this fine Extra Award.)

SAMPLE

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BULLET

(48) P.O. No. Signed
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address

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(48) P.O. No. Signed
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address

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(48) P.O. No. Signed
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address

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(48) P.O. No. Signed
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 4d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you want to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.



FREE BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR EVERY ENTRANT

UNLIMITED DISTRIBUTION

Every competitor in "Bullets" Monster 24th Birthday Offer will receive a FREE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE GIFT, provided Gift Label below has been stamped, completed and enclosed with entry.

Unique, useful and never before obtainable, "John Bull's" Birthday Gift for every competitor is going to help hundreds of entrants into the prize-list.

N.B. No competitor may enclose more than ONE Gift Label—and no gift can be allowed unless GIFT LABEL bears PENNY STAMP, is fully addressed and actually enclosed with eligible entry for Bullets No. 1,048. Owing to Customs restrictions we cannot despatch Gift to Free State entrants, who should omit Gift Label accordingly.

OF BULLETS' BIRTHDAY PRESENTS EACH WITH OFFER OF BONUS AWARD VALUE OVER £10.10

CUT ALONG HERE

REMEMBER TO STAMP AND ENCLOSE YOUR FREE GIFT LABEL

CUT ALONG HERE

1048/A

YOU MUST AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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ADVERTISER'S "BULLETS" No. 1,048, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)



**Not a Drug
but a Vital Cell-Food**

Elasto

REGISTERED

**For the Veins,
Arteries and Heart**

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood. Owing to this lack the body is unable to

build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health.

There are No Substitutes for Elasto—

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring

the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect. There are no substitutes for Elasto.—Beware of imitations.

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels!

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that—12,000 miles! Sufficient to stretch half way round the world. This wonderful pipeline of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science.

Read What Users of Elasto Say

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."

"Elasto has cured my bad legs."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"My doc or highly praises Elasto."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."

"Now free from piles."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."

"I am now free from pain."

"My skin is as soft as velvet." Etc.

Take Elasto for:-

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad leg, Piles, Protrusion, Varicocoele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

**A Generous Sample of
this Wonder Remedy**

Why Elasto is different

ORDINARY remedies or treatments and the average medical prescription can be made up in a few minutes, but Elasto derives its marvellous curative properties as much from its unique method of manufacture as from its actual constituents. In the preparation of each batch of these tiny tablets the processes involved occupy no less than twelve working days. These prolonged processes are absolutely essential in order to secure the full bio-chemical activity and extreme fineness of this vital cell food. Take an Elasto tablet, crush it between your fingers; a soft fine powder results which may be blown to nothingness by the merest puff. Try to swallow one of these delicate tablets and you will find it impossible; it will be gone almost before you realise it is on your tongue. It has gone to put all those hours of patient scientific labour into the rebuilding and repairing of living tissue. By the law of chemical affinity, it has been attracted to the blood through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat with the swiftness and certainty with which iron filings are drawn to the magnet.

COUPON

**for Free Trial Sample of Elasto
The Great Blood Revitaliser ★**

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS

"John Bull," 3/10/36.

Elasto will save you pounds!